

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 32

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioneer.

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"THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY."

(See page 2.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY.

The Sunken Port Royal, Under the Waves
Over 200 Years—An Awful Story of Judgment
on the Island of Jamaica.

(To our frontispiece.)

NX the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms beneath the keels of the ships, sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal. A red buoy swings and rocks in the moonlight. It marks the spot where the old city's cathedral was submerged, and where the spire still reaches nearly up to the surface. How little is known of the mysterious city beneath the waves of Kingston harbor.

The traveler who visits the capital of Jamaica should pray for clear weather, without wind, when the water of the harbor is obscured by breeze; the hidden city is obscured from view. But on a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

As One Sees Things.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object in the clear water. You can see the fishes lazily swimming in and among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of owls and bats than of the tiny inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets, and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women, and children carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake suddenly, and without warning, visited the profligate city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there beneath the silent waves was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

The survivors said it was the vengeance of God, and likened it to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. And in very truth the history of the city seems to show the unceasing wrath of Divine power. From the richest city of its time, it has dwindled into insignificance, until now it is a most wretched place, used only as a naval station. Disaster after disaster has overtaken it. After the earthquake the town was re-built, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1703. On August 22nd, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

City of Port Royal.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolish man of Biblical lore, which was builded upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake struck.

Precious to that fateful seventh day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or in its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivaled the profligates of ancient Rome. Buccaneers and pirates were recognized industries. The treasures of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rich in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway. Bacchanalian revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was absolutely no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revellers.

The Earth Opened.

The earth opened in great fissures and closed again like the jaws of a



The Man with the Light.

A TRANSCRIPTION OF, AND ANSWER TO, "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

BOWED by the sins of centuries, He hangs
Upon the Cross, and saves a ruined world.
The agony of death upon His face,
And on His heart the burden of the race.
Placed there by human hands, and love supreme,
Human; divine; link between earth and heaven;
Behold the Man! Redeemer to the shape!
A Man of Sorrows. One Who knows to hope,
Kingly yet humble; Brother to the man,
Who fashioned and sent down this glorious frame?
Whose was the hand that formed this noble brow?
Whose breath made luminous this wondrous brain?

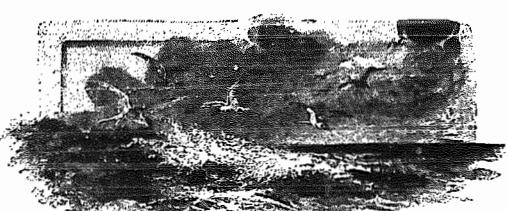
This is the ONE the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To build the stars and give the heavens their power,
To feel the passion of eternity.

This is the dream He dreamed Who built the suns
And pillars the blue firmament with light
Up all the heights of heaven to its great throne
There is no life more beautiful than this,
More filled with hope and mercy for the soul,
More fraught with power to save the universe.
No gulf between Him and "the least of these."
Son of the God of Heaven, He can feel
Plato profound, and swing of Pleiades,
Span the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose
Speaks to all His and Him His Father's hand.

To this bowed form the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy an anguished Calvary shook
Through this God-Man humanity, redeemed,
Restored, regenerate, returned to God,
Cries mercy to the Judge of all the World,
A mercy that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send forth the living messengers of God,
That ready stand, with Bibles under arm,
To save that monstrous thing your work hath wrought.
Christ ever waits to straighten up that shape,
Give back the upward-looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send, lest the future reckon with that man.
Answer, O Christ, his question with Thyself.
Change it, we pray Thee, to a song of praise,
Lest whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world,
Lest it go hard with kingdoms and with kings,
With those who shaped him to the thing he is,
If that dumb terror should reply to God
After the silence of the centuries.

D. H. S.



mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise as the city, built upon its foundation of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which for ever covered over its whereabouts, and will for ever keep its dread secrets. "The shock came close on to mid-day. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the earth, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of the earth in the hidden recesses of the sea. In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, the Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors, a rector, two or three days after the disaster, which he, in part, as follows:

One of the Survivors.

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of the place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the President of the Council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house upon the first concession sank into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'

Despite the President's assurance, he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector writes:

"I made towards Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there secured from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and I set mounting in upon them for the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying-ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

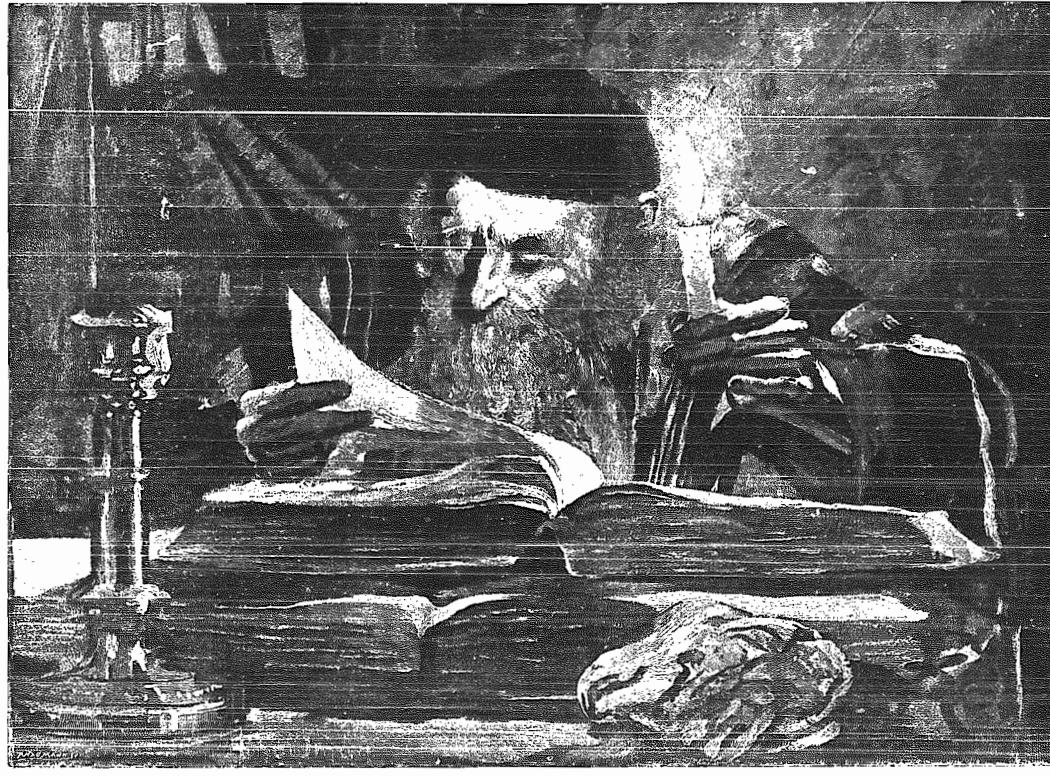
History Repeats Itself.

The incident described above is by no means so isolated a one as a superficial observer would imagine. Earthquakes, floods, storms, cyclones, eruptions, plagues and wars have from time immemorial, stricken individuals, cities and nations when least expected. God will not be mocked. His long-suffering is great, but not unlimited. When the resources of His grace have exhausted themselves in invocations, then Justice strikes the blow. The sins of man will devour him, if not forgiven. Sins against health will be punished by disease; the sins of a city will rebound upon it in fearful retribution, and nation after nation, which rises through righteousness, justice, and mercy, to power and influence, have been dashed to pieces on the rocks of pride, presumption and indulgence. God laughs at the calamity of a defiant people, and His decrees cannot be evaded.

Let us earnestly live such consistent lives of rectitude and faith that the community in which we live may be seasoned by our lives even as salt seasons and preserves.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.—Lyon Paquin.

Unsuccessful seeker after holiness, look within for the hindrance. It may be that small idol—so small as to almost need a microscope to see it—that indulgence which was against your highest spirituality; that doubtful gratification; that slight omission of which conscience once spoke clearly, but now with lessening emphasis. Appear before God with perfect willingness to do His will, and faith will spring up spontaneously in your heart.



SEARCHING AS FOR HID TREASURE.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

My son, if thou wilt receive My words,
And hide My commandments with thee;
So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
And apply thine heart to understanding;
Yea, if thou criest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If thou seekest her as silver,
And searchest for her as for hid treasures;
THEN SHALL THOU UNDERSTAND the fear of the Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord giveth wisdom:

Out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.
He keepeth the path of judgment.
And preserveth the way of His saints.
Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity;
YEA, EVERY GOOD PATH.
When wisdom entereth into thine heart,
And knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul,
Discretion shall preserve thee,
To deliver thee from the way of the evil man . . .
To deliver thee from the strange woman . . .
That thou mayest walk in the ways of good men,
And keep the paths of the righteous.
For the upright shall dwell in the land . . .
But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth.

—Solomon's Proverbs, chap. II.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITS AND GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSULS.

At the end of the Kingdom of Rome the government of the city was, as has been stated, in the hands of two executives, chosen yearly by the people and called Consuls. They were limited in their power by the Senate, a council of Patricians (nobles), chosen by the Patricians from among their number, and also including all who had been Consuls.

The Plebeians (common people) succeeded, in time, not to be shut out. The richest of them formed a body, called the Knights, who had a leader like the Patricians. Under Servius Tullius also, the city was divided into six tribes, in charge of a tribune, to lead over it and bring up his men to war. Further, every five years the people were numbered and divided into centuries (hundreds), each of which chose a person, who voted in

questions of peace and war. Nevertheless, the Patricians had always the greatest majority in these meetings (comitia).

The Consuls were always attended by two lictors, who carried bundles of rods tied around an axe—the first to scourge offenders, the latter to head criminal. Two judges tried offenders, two questores attended public buildings, and two censors numbered and registered the people.

The priests were also chosen from among the patricians. As a whole, the Romans were very religious and grave, according to their notions of religion and duty.

Only free-born Romans were allowed to wear a toga, which was a long white woolen garment, with purple edging. Boys wore a short tunic until the age of seventeen, when they became of age and received their toga, as well as an individual name.

As a rule the Romans were not rich. They had their own farm, which they cultivated with the aid of their sons and slaves. The Plebeians leased that land to the Patricians, also owned many slaves in Rome.

Marriages were celebrated with a sacrifice, and by the giving of a ring. The bride was then led over the bridegroom's threshold, where a sheepskin was spread, to signify that she should spin the garments for her husband and family.

Each man was absolute master of his own house, and held the life and death of his adult sons in his hands.

Each man was absolute master of his own house, and held the life and death of his adult sons in his hands.

The Romans were not only brave, but also perfectly obedient to their fathers, their officers, their magistrates, and their gods (as the priests interpreted to them) and hence came their greatness as a nation.

(To be continued.)

Bitter Words.

It is not only acts and deeds that retain their life and force and power; it is words also.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, but God Himself can kill them when they're said.

Few things rankle and poison the springs of charity and good fellowship like bitter, harsh, unjust, provocative words. An adjective is sometimes the sufficient spark for the tinder. It seems sometimes as if the final virtue in public life will be the short, simple story told of a peasant who came once to his old monk and asked to be taught one of the Psalms. The monk chose for him the Psalm which begins, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having heard that verse the peasant rose up and went away, saying that before he went any further he would try and practice it. But the story concludes he never came back again, never hav-

ing succeeded in living up to the first verse. "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." It will be an excellent motto for statesmen, politicians, journalists, ministers of religion; may, is there any class among us that has not reason to remember that after thoughtless, unkind, or unjust speech we look for healing, but behold dismay?—Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

Seeming Contradictions.

Human action does not always evince its purpose—much less does God's. The man who is going to rear a lofty edifice begins by digging into the earth. Descent is the first essential of the firm and enduring ascent. So God seems to us, in our shrewdness of sight and lack of information, often to move in a direction contrariwise to His supposed purpose. He wants His cause to go forward, and He forthwith takes away its leading exponent. To him who believes in the all-wisdom and infinite beneficence of God, these seemingly inexplicable dispensations ought to be his evidence that there is distinct purpose in it. If the explanation seemed sure and easy to man, there might be some doubt about its being correct. Looking at the infinite, the inexplicable, is the best evidence of God's righteous purpose for the creatures of His love.

EASTER ENGAGEMENTS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin Visit Lippincott, Fenelon Falls and Lindsay.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

LIPPINCOTT.—Adjt. Desbrisay had arranged a very nice song service, entitled "Manger to Throne," interspersed with Bible readings, setting forth the life of Christ from His birth at Bethlehem to His ascension. Prof. Wiggins ably presided at the piano. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Gaskin, Staff-Capt. Creighton, and Bro. Patterson. Bible readings by Brigadier Gaskin, Adjt. Desbrisay and others. The brigadier wound up with a good straight salvation talk.

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FENELON FALLS.—Leaving Toronto early Saturday morning, we journeyed on to Lindsay. At Uxbridge Capt. Liston smiling and happy, bade the train and informed us that they had had nice meetings on Good Friday. Farther down the line a good Baptist friend entered into a conversation with us. Told us how much he admired the Army, and what good work had been done in his town. We reached Lindsay about noon, where we were met by Ensign Yerex, who was booked for the weekend at Lindsay.

After dinner with Adjt. Fox, we resumed our journey to Fenelon Falls. On the train was a Lindsay G. B. M. Agent busy with her box collecting from seat to seat, and from the merry ranks of the coins in the box. We concluded that she gathered a nice little sum towards helping the good Salvation war.

The Sister Howcroft, smilingly gave us an abounding welcome to our pretty little town. The Saturday night open-air meeting was most good. Thirty two soldiers were on the march. Inside we had a spartan growth, nearly filling the hall. A 20-1 meeting resulted.

Kin-Cliff on Sunday morning was attended by 15, and it was a time of refreshing, as was the bell-tolling meeting intercess. While Mrs. Gaskin sang and the Brigadier spoke, tears filled many eyes, and one soul came forward to seek the blessing of a clean heart.

The Brigadier visited the Jesters in the afternoon, and instructed the children on the lesson, which was most enjoyed. Twenty-two soldiers met on the march. The Sunday meeting in the afternoon was really grand. Singing and testimony followed each other in rapid succession. There was life, there was happiness, there was holy enjoyment. The Spirit of God was with us and a really splendid meeting was held.

The night open-air meeting was a revelation. We held a splendid meeting outside Brock's Hotel. The ring was formed of 40 soldiers. This was splendid, considering there are only 40 soldiers in the roll, and many of the soldiers have long disengaged. The inside meeting at night was a time of great power. The power of God came down on the meeting. Conviction's arrows pierced deeply. Many were unconverted. Christ was lifted up. Heads were bowed, and tears flowed. A splendid hymn-singing prayer meeting was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the doxology. One profound soul sought and found salvation.

Fenelon Falls is doing well. Capt. and Lieut. Howcroft, the commanding officers, are loved and respected by all classes. The meetings are a hearty happy crowd.

LINDSAY. Having struggled with that enemy of mankind, the Grippe, through three days, and feeling a little weary after the heavy meetings of Sunday, we made our way to our next appointment, Lindsay. Adjt. Fox the enterprising and energetic commanding officer, as well as announced our meetings ticketed to be sold, special efforts were to be made to fill the bill as best we could.

It was quite cheering to hear that Ensign Yerex' meetings on the Sunday were seasons of great blessing. Open-air and inside meetings were well attended. Eighteen at knee-drill, and good finances.

Monday night our meeting in the open-air on the main street was surrounded by a mixed crowd of men and women, who listened intently to the testimonies of the soldiers, and with almost breathless silence while Mrs. Gaskin sang, "God is near thee."

The inside meeting was good. The venerable Capt. Brant gave an address. Mrs. Gaskin sang and spoke, and the Brigadier gave an address on "Easter Lines" to a splendid audience. The meeting was intensely spiritual. The spirit of conviction sat upon the people, and one soul came to the feet of Jesus. The income over \$8, was considered by the Adjutant excellent.

On Tuesday we journeyed back to Toronto. In the car we overheard a young lady remarking on the Easter Cry, saying it was simply elegant.

WHAT THE Women's Social Department IS DOING.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Event of the Week.

Of the many interesting events of the past few days in the Womans' Social Department, the opening of the Evangeline Home in Toronto is the most important. We have never, in the 100 years of our children's work in the Queen City, had adequate accommodations in which to receive the many destitute little ones who have come to us for shelter. 900 have been cared for, but with our increased facilities we shall be able to render more protection, love and training to a much larger number.

A heavy downpour deprived many of the opportunity of being present, but all who faced the unpropitious night declared themselves delighted with the Home. Our much loved old friends were represented by Rev. Mr. Turc and Staff-Inspектор Archibald, who spoke strong and wisely, while Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore for the first time in Toronto publicly acknowledged the Army Social work and gave us the benefit and influence of their presence. We are grateful to all these gentlemen for the time spared from their public duties, and the words spoken, which will bring blessing and inspiration in after days.



Vancouver's Municipal Recognition.

Again we have to record the recognition of the Rescue work by civic authorities. This time it is Vancouver which comes to the front with a Municipal Grant towards the initial expenses of the Home. This is all the more appreciated as it is the first time the Womans' Social Department has received a municipal subsidy for progressive work. Citizens of all classes are rendering Adjt. Jordan hearty cooperation in her work and the Home is now an established fact.

The Vancouver Daily Province says: "All those who are interested in the best work of the Rescue Army will be invited to visit the new quarters at 1228 Hornby Street, where they will be cordially greeted by the Matron, Mrs. Jordan. The house is a large one and Mrs. Jordan has not enough furniture at present to fill all the rooms, but waits patiently for the donations which she feels certain she will receive as people become interested."

The house has been recently painted in bright colors and is admirably located to receive all the sunshine that is cast out at Vancouver. Those who seek shelter within these walls cannot help but look upon the privilege of being an inmate of so bright a Home as an opportunity to be made the most of. This form of Rescue work is worthy of the most earnest encouragement.



Orbits and Barrie.

It was my pleasure to visit these two northern towns a few days ago. Orillia's meeting was a bright, semi-social one in the barracks, which was well filled. Barrie's was a Social service in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. McLeod presided. There was a very good attendance, much interest manifested, and a nice offering for the work.

[Evening Telegram.]

To Care for Little Tots.

NEW HOME FOR CHILDREN.

Official Opening of the "Evangeline Home" by the Salvation Army - What the Speakers Said of Rescue Work.

Last night was the formal opening of the Salvation Army's new Home for Children, which is to be known as the "Evangeline Home." It is situated at 128 Farley Ave, near Esther St., being the old barracks on that site, so improved as not to be recognized as the same structure. The Home is laid out on one floor, and consists of bedrooms, playroom, kitchen, reception room, and dining room. Everything speaks of simplicity, comfort and cleanliness. There are now only 17 children in the Home, but it is expected that it will soon be full, as there is accommodation for 40. The "Evangeline Home" is intended to fill a gap between the infants' Home and the Boys and Girls' Homes, and children are received principally between the ages of 2½ and 5 years. The inmates consist mostly of children of widows, widowers, deserted wives and men undergoing penal servitude, and also a number of illegitimate children. For the care of some of the children the sum of \$1 per week is received, it being estimated that the cost per capita will come to \$50 per annum.

The Home is in charge of Captain Crocker, who has under her four helpers. The inauguration service took place in the spacious dining room, where about thirty interested citizens had gathered, and was presided over by Adt. Urquhart, in the absence of Major Macdonald. The First Speaker was Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Womans' Social work. She traced the steady progress of the Salvation Army Home from its inception, ten years ago, in the little house on Streetwood Street, since when nearly 1200 children had been cared for. "The children," she said, "are undergoing Christian influence here, and at their tender age they are easily led towards God. The Home now receives 2 cents per capita a day from the Government, but next year we will appeal to the City Council, though at present we have no debts," she warned Adt. Urquhart.

Adjt. Page then read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner, Evangeline Booth. Rev. Mr. Gilmore declared that the Salvation Army is in touch with the life of the city. "There are no things in the Army that the Presbyterian church doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian Church that the Army doesn't like, so I suppose we are quits." The Salvation Army makes a noise, but they have to do it in the quarrying, and the Army work in the Rescue Branch is the nearest Christ work I can think of." He gave an account of four years' slumming in the city of Edinburgh, and told how the hand-to-hand nightingale of the Salvation Army was surely telling, "I don't know what the city fathers do with their money," he concluded, "but they should give some of it to the Salvation Army."

Praise from the Warden.

Dr. Gilmore, warden of the Central Prison, was loud in his praises of the Army. "The Salvation Army does a work in the Central Prison that no other church in the city does," he declared. In speaking of the boys who went through his hands at the prison, he said that the majority are there through hereditary weakness, or bad early training—the latter being the principal cause. "I don't believe in reformatory for boys. It is proposerous to think that a boy can be improved by closing him for a number of years with 200 or 250 boys like him. I am not a believing reformatory official, but the system is. It would be more profitable for the city, I thought, to devote even as much as \$150 per year per capita to rescuing children, than to guard against and punish them later as criminals."

Most Rescues.

Staff-Inspектор Archibald, of the Morality Department sympathizes strongly with the Salvation Army.

"Sometimes I am doubtful as to whether I should continue in my present official position, or identify myself altogether with the Army." Referring to the Army work, he said, "The home is the place to start. We must rescue the children, and the fault almost invariably lies with the parent."

He then gave an account of his dealing with criminals, "from the highest to the lowest classes." It is his conviction that it is almost impossible to find a convert among old criminals.

Rev. Mr. Turc believed that the salvation of children is the great solution of the social problem.

Adt. Urquhart and Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, spoke briefly on rescue work.



CAPT. SHERWIN and LIEUT. GRAVETT
Orillia, Ont



THE TALENTS.

MATT. XXV. 14-30.

The whole purport of this parable is to impress upon all a sense of their individual responsibility in the sight of God for their use or misuse of life and its possibilities.

The false doctrine which shuns all responsibility of the creature, owing the Creator is always more or less prevalent. It is a convenient device for the man who wants to quiet his conscience while he allows himself to be ruled by his own selfish lusts and evil passions. When such a man finds himself in a tight place, by reason of his sins, his cares, his sorrows—in fact, he blames everything but the cause. When taken to task on account of wrong-doing, men of this stamp have even pleaded that they are as God made them, and charge their weaknesses onto their Maker. The talents which God has given are stolen for selfish interests and squandered, regardless of the possibilities which might result from their proper use.

But all such unjust stewardship God will assuredly bring into account at the great and final day of reckoning, when, out of His infinite knowledge of our capacity, we shall be rewarded according to our work.

In the case of the unprofitable servant, we learn that it is positive to possess a talent and not use it. How often, when dealing with men of such weakly responsible position in God's sight, have they returned the excuse, "Well, I don't do any harm." Someone has blighted such cowardly rascals to an apple tree which has received the gardener's care and attention, and in return does nothing. How absurd would it be for the apple tree to argue that it has done no harm to the other trees in the orchard. If it persistently bears no fruit the only verdict can be, "Cut it down." Of course this excuse is untrue in itself, for no man can live a life apart from the salvation of God, whose influence can fail to do some harm, but even if this were possible it would not pass muster before the scrutiny of the skies. Christ expects something more from mankind than a negative attitude. He will only recognize a positive position.

He also, for the talents wrapped up and laid away which were bestowed for the world's blessing. This is the time to use them, to develop them, and devote them to the service of God and the world. To-morrow they may be required of us.



Staff-Capt. Stevens and Capt. Ashman Take up the Tale—Some Incidents from Kimberley, and Notes from Capt. Ashman's Diary.

It was a few hours only before the commencement of the Siege of Kimberley. Refugees were pouring into the town from all the outlying districts, and for the moment the authorities were at their wits' end as to the disposal of this crowd of humanity. Presently, as the refugees were on mass, a local parson with a superfluous generosity, exclaimed:

"All who belong to my church step forward." There was a feeble response.

"All Who Don't Belong to Any Church!"

"The world is my parish," said Wester, and in the selfsame spirit Ensign Kiddie, the commanding officer of Kimberley I., who had been an eye-witness to the above scene, forthwith acted.

"And, glory be to God, all who don't belong to my church at all, just step behind me!" shouted the Ensign to the hungry crowd. Close upon a thousand souls were at his back in a twinkling, and without a moment's犹豫 they fled to the local barracks and provided for their import and accommodation until such time as the authorities were able to step in and relieve him of his burden.

This is only one of the many interesting incidents that Commissioner Kilby has brought back with him from Kimberley. Yes, the Salvation Army, through some of its officers, has done nobly right through the siege, both above ground and under ground, and Ensign Kiddie at least has received the commendation of not a few representative folk who are well qualified to judge of his services.

Some Providential Escapes.

Marvelous indeed have been the escapes of both officers and soldiers. Our No. 1. burnsaw was in the direct line of fire. Shells a hundred pounds in weight fell in front and all around, but the only damage is the removal of about three sheets of corrugated iron on the roof of the building. The quarters abutting also remained uninjured. Mrs. Ensign Kiddie was, upon one occasion, engaged in the back-yard with one of her children, when a shell passed just over her head and fell within a foot or two of where she was standing.

An infant died and Mrs. Capt. Cass was called upon to conduct the funeral. At that moment it was difficult to obtain a coffin, but Mrs. Cass quickly solved this problem, as other South African officers had done before her. The remains were conveyed to the cemetery, and during the burial service a shell fell in the immediate vicinity, necessitating officers and attendants deserting the coffin, and running to their lives to a place of safety.

Stories of most providential escapes are told by scores of comrades. In every direction God's protecting arm seems to have surrounded our soldiers and there is just one single case of death or injury to record.

The Death of Capt. Van Der Westhuizen.

We lament the loss of a promising young officer in the person of Capt. Van der Westhuizen, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, was commanding the Boer forces. News has reached us that this comrade was killed at Moller River, on the 17th February, but no details are yet to hand. Van der Westhuizen has two sisters in the work here in South Africa, for whom the utmost sympathy is felt. Just previous to the war, Capt. Van der Westhuizen was in command of Senekal, O. F. S.

Capt. Hines, who is a Boer prisoner at Simon's Town, has sent an interesting explanatory letter to his training mother, Staff-Capt. McWayne, from which it appears that he had no alternative but to fight, being commanded. His wound is healing, and he is in a fair way to recovery. He

is well saved and happy, and eager for work. Meanwhile he has asked for a Bible, which has been duly forwarded to him, and as soon as possible he will be visited.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

The Other Side of the Tugela.

This is the first opportunity I have had to let you have a line since leaving Estcourt, written from Arundel. I think the last week has been the most trying of the whole campaign. I did not get to the brigade until Tuesday afternoon. On arriving at Chieveley it began to rain, and I had eighteen miles to trudge and wade, with the sack and the chair. I was properly tired and wet through before I had gone five miles.

It was all through long grass, and nearly all the way over one's ankles in water, and at times up to the knees. When it began to get dark I came across a wagon, and so got down underneath that. I did not get to sleep. I was too wet and cold.

Under Fire for Two Days and Nights.

Found our men on a hill called Monte Cristo, and got my first glimpse of Ladysmith in the distance; since then we have been fighting continuously, and have had a very rough time; for two days and nights we were under fire the whole time, having to keep under cover. The East Surreys, have, I am sorry to say, lost a number—five officers wounded, one killed, and about a hundred men. As far as I know, none of our lads have been killed. We had an amanuestic all day yesterday to get in the wounded and bury the dead.

Our men have now been fighting for twelve days continuously, not having a wash the whole time.

Near Pieters, February 28th.—Just as we were preparing to lie down last night we had orders to move, but only went about two miles, and then another damp night in the open. This morning we have advanced fully five or six miles, and are awaiting orders to move again now. This morning I have seen Johnson, Smith, Leonard, and Green, of our lads. I hear Whitley, of the Queen's, is sick in one of the hospitals.

Some Awful Sights.

Have been going through the Boer trenches, and have seen some awful sights—parts of men and here, etc., etc. There were also two or three men buried within twenty yards of where I am writing this. Several women have been found dead in the trenches with handborders on. The most painful sight was a woman lying in the trenches dying, trying to the last to

look after her tiny baby. For several days it must have been impossible for those in the trenches to have been removed. The dying and the dead were lying side by side.

The trenches were mostly from three to four feet wide and about six feet deep. Often the walls were made of the immense rocks found on the kopjes. During the day the men noticed a Boer sitting on the ground apparently cooking. On approaching, they found he was dead, sitting preparing a meal. He had been killed by tydite. There he sat, with one arm stretched towards the ashes of the little fire—dead.

A Letter from One of Our League now on the South African Battlefield.

South Africa.
Feb. 17th, 1900.

My Dearest Mother:

You cannot tell how delighted I was to receive your loving and encouraging letter, nor how it cheered me. I was so down-hearted and cast up, it arrived just after our battle of Slingfontein. This occurred Monday, 12th. The Boers attacked Ware Kopje at about 2:30 a.m., just as the moon



BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Boers left hurriedly, leaving a lot of stuff and some tents standing. They were to celebrate Majuba Day; they had a large supply of stores down. One sergeant found twenty-nine Jam tarts.

He Enters Ladysmith.

March 2nd.—Lady Smith is relieved at last, thank God! I am standing up to write this as it simply poured all last night, and we are in a pretty state. I can't say you'd dreamt of not the need. I have seen Burns, Darwin, Hawes and all our lads here.

We do not go into Ladysmith until to-morrow, I believe, as they have no camping-ground for us, and we will not get our tents for at least a week.

I will not try to describe what we have gone through the last three days, or the sights we have seen, but will wait till later. I have to stop every five minutes or so to walk up and down to get warm. It is nearly 5:30 a.m. now.

March 3rd.—To-day we entered Ladysmith—four months to day since it was cut off. Ladysmith garrison lined the roads and pathways with cheer after cheer, till tired out the weakest were obliged to sit down. Don't picture us going through spic-and-span, as the Guards at Windsor, because it was no such thing! The men wore anything and everything: some were shoeless, others coatless, or nearly so. As I walked along by the regiment there were many exclamations of, "Salvation Army!" "Amen! Salvation Army here!"—M. Ashman, Capt.

I thank God I have done my duty.—Nelson.



MARCHING IN A SOUTH AFRICAN SAND-STORM.
(The use of a traction engine is also illustrated in this picture.)

went down in terribly large numbers. Our force was E. Company and C. Company. The enemy attacked E. Company first, sent caillies up in front of them with blankets and crackers, so they say, and the Boers fired between their legs. Our men were not strong enough for them. They gained the summit of the hill where six of our men were posted. They killed four, severely wounding the other two. There were thousands of rounds fired. It was pitch dark. A Company lay on the top of the hill about fifteen or one hundred yards further on. We kept up a terrible fire for hours, all day, from dawn till dark, about thirteen or fourteen hours. There were hundreds fired at my sanger, the Boers saw me go in, and

The Bullets Whistled all Around Me.

I can tell you, dear mother, it was a near shave for me; but our God did not see fit that I should be hurt, praise Him for evermore! I can say, "I love His best of all," and if He sees fit, His will be done. I believe He will take me home.

Our force was not strong enough. After our Company held them in check all day we returned to Slingfontein. No rations or water could be got near us all day. The poor men were parched. After all that suffering they had an hour's rest. Then we had to march from there to Rensburg, a distance of about thirteen miles. Oh, how tired we were you could not imagine, dear mother.

I am servant myself, and after getting all my master's things packed, I was just going to lie down, when we were ordered to fall in. You can guess how I was fairly dozy up. Oh, dear mother, it is a trying time! When the body gets so tired.

How the Old Man Can Tell, and he tries you every way, so that you shall give in. It is hard sometimes, when tired out; it makes the spirit tired too; but, halibut! I know all this time He is near me to guide me through all temptation and harm. I trust Him with my all to do as He wills. After walking a long way, I got a ride on a gun-carriage, the rest, so you see how He helped me.

I will tell you more about this place. I will give a few details of the time from Bermuda to our home, and the rest of the time out here. We had a lovely, singing, happy, laughing, almost every night. But, Sunshine is sick, poor lad! We were nine days in England, and saw Major Allen twice. It was so cold, frost and snow, it upset almost all the regiment. Two died of pneumonia at sea, two since we came here. They would not give us an hour's leave to go home. One of my sisters came to see me; the others could not, being ill.

To-morrow, it is late, and I have to get up at 4 a.m. We have not had our clothes off since we arrived at the front. Good-night. God bless you much.

J. W.



Terse Topics.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE SKIES.

Patriotism is a remarkable thing. For its sake some of the most daring deeds which history records have been attempted, in its cause have incalculable sacrifices been expended, and for its interests men have not hesitated to risk to lose. If needs be to die. At the moment over Great Britain and her Colonies a tidal wave of patriotic feeling has passed. The clash of steel and shower of shot have re-awakened this sentiment slumbering in the breasts of most men, and the very children are decking themselves with patriotic badges and buttons, and instilling their bairns with deeper shouts of loyalty. In this as in every other phase of feeling which comes over the life of the people, there is no significance for us, but that they are the children of a Heavenly Kingdom and the sworn soldiers of the flag of the world's salvation? An abridged dictionary simply describes a patriot as a lover of his country, and we will take this explanation as sufficient—real love for any cause is a guarantee of sacrifice and service. We can but ask ourselves as we look on the enthusiasm which lights the faces of men as they speak of their country's honor, whether our zeal is as hot for the credit of our Heavenly Citizenship. Do we love the Kingdom of God that we are as jealous for its interests as for our own, and reckon hardship, or tears, or self-sacrifice as less than nothing that its advancement may be promoted by and in us? God help us not to lag behind in zealous devotion the exponents of an earthly cause.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. xii. 11.

Precious Blood! By this we conquer in the fiercest fight; Sin and Satan overthrown By its might.

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MONDAY.—"I change not."—Mal. in 6.

All earthly love is as a thread of gold. Most fair, but what the touch of time may sever; But His a cable sure, of strength un-told—

Oh, His love lasteth ever!

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TUESDAY.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith."—Eph. vi. 16.

Looking unto Jesus, never need we yield! Over all the armor, Faith, the battle-shield!

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WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth."—Ps. cxi. 14.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary, Knows the weakness of our frame, Knows that hand and heart are weary.

He, in all points, felt the same.

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THURSDAY.—"Who teacheth like Him?"—Job xxxvi. 22.

This strange, sad world is but our Father's school; All chance and change His love shall grandly over-rule.

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FRIDAY.—"Ye shall be satisfied."—Joel ii. 26.

A little while thy course pursue, Till grace to glory grow.

Then I am and what I do.

Hereafter thou shalt know.

SATURDAY.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. vi. 10.

Look on to this,

Through all perplexities of grief and strife.

To thine thy true maturity of life,

The crowning bliss;

That such high gift thy holy dower may be,

And for such service high, thy God prepareth thee.

THE PRICE OF Looking Back.

III.

Bitterly she shut the window and turned to meet her husband. His slow, uncertain step was already upon the stairs, accompanied by the thick, broken utterance of a snatch of a music-hall song. Suddenly the singing ceased; a muttered oath, the sound of one trying to find the next step, and then a scream of terror as with a frantic rush the drunken man fell crashing down the long flight, his head knocking against each stair till the last terrible crash echoed in the hall. Then all was still. It happened in a few seconds. As soon as she heard Geoffrey miss his foot, Alice's door was flung open, and with feverish haste she ran out, only in time to kneel beside the prostrate heap in the hall. His position of huddled helplessness made her hasten to raise her husband's head and look in the set, glazed eyes. Then one long heart-rending woman's scream rang through the house, bringing the servants hurrying in terror to the spot. There was no longer any room for hope that a wife, in her first light womb of conception, and the light of the woman's life, seemed to go out as she saw the bitter end of her self-seeking. Alice's idol, the price of her peace, the object of her infatuated early love, the drunken husband of her later years, had gone to meet his God!

"Master Geoffrey and Master Phil, your mamma wants you!"

Two bright little lads in sailor suits looked up from their play in delight; time spent with their beautiful mother was always the brightness of the day. So their curls were tilted, and, hand-in-hand, they walked down the staircase to their mother's room. Geoffrey soon disposed of his sister, then the minister, but his brother checked him with a stern look: "Hold!"

"Geoff, don't you remember that poor papa's dead, and mamma's been crying awful? I think it would hurt her for us to lie romping on the stairs to-day; it was just at the foot here where papa fell. Geoff, wouldn't he be awful if you fell down dead now?"

"Oh, but papa was what nuse calls shaky on his legs—that's why he fell. I'm quite safe. I suppose that when we get old, like poor papa, we shall feel shaky too."

"Never, God helping me!" said a voice behind them. "I want you both to come in here," and Mrs. Leighton opened the door on the landing, putting her arms around her little sons' shoulders. Somehow, the room they entered seemed the stiffest they had ever been in. On the long, narrow bed there lay something stiller yet, and instinctively both boys shrank back. They had never seen death before.

"Don't be afraid, darlings," said their mother gently. "I want you to come and kiss papa. It is only his poor body, you know, that lies here—the papa who used to love and kiss you has gone away." Oh, the agony that welled up into Alice's heart as she thought she dare not surmise where he had gone to.

She had brought her little sons into the death-chamber for a purpose, and that to make an appeal to their con-

sciences in the presence of their father's wrecked remains. When her husband's life had been quenched so suddenly her sorrow had been intense, for all the old affection she had ever felt for him seemed to return in stronger and wiser force. But as she looked on the awful end of the man she might have influenced for good, had she kept true to her own nature, there can be no doubt, "What about the boys?" It looked like an inspiration to hope and effort in that dark hour. An evil whisper told her, at the same time, that it would be useless harrowing the boys' feelings, and that to try to save them from their father's curse was an impossibility, since they would have the same nature, and inherit the same taste. But, with a firmness of resolve that she had never had once during all those ten years of her married life, Alice thrust the temptation from her, saying, "I will do my utmost. My mistaken marriage did not help me to save my husband. I failed in that—ah! that I was so blind. I must save my boys!"

As they stood in that quiet death-chamber, the mother told the aghast children what she had brought them there.

"Geoffrey and Phil, listen to me! Pa died through drink. You did not know that, when you saw him come home stumbling, his steps were unsteady because he had drunk so much brandy and spirits. Ever since I knew your father, boys, strong drink was his besetting sin, and it is that which has led to his death now. Drink has made your mother an unhappy woman; drink has made your father's shame a by-word among all who know him—it has brought all the sorrow into this house. Now, boys, I want you to promise me that this awful curse that has ruined the life of your dear father shall never pass your lips."

"Mamma, I couldn't ever drink a drop after this," said little Phil, kneeling and looking into her sorrowful face, down which the bitter drops of anguish were slowly falling.

"And Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey's eyes were fastened on the still, white face of his drink-cursed father.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed brokenly, "I'll swear to you, if you like, never to touch it—the cruel, cruel thing that took away papa."

"No, my boys, I don't want you to swear to me—you must make your promise to God. Trying to overcome and keep from evil in your own strength, and with all your good resolves, did not hold you from this curse? don't make me say some mistake that I did. Yes, your mother might have helped your father to conquer this thing long ago, but she did not choose God's way of doing it, and His strength was not the arm she leaned on—". Tears washed the fulness of the sentence away—the recollection of the despairing helplessness of the arm of flesh which she had chosen instead was more than she could bear.

"Mamma!" said little Phil, "if only God can help us not to live and die like poor papa—hadn't we better ask Him to now?"

The child's words came like the whisper of a bird past better life, and, kneeling down, with each hand clasping a hand of her son, she prayed the first whole-hearted prayer she had breathed for ten years. When she had finished, the twins prayed, each in his own childish way, and with a clinging faith, as well as passionate promise, that brought one ray of hope to the mourner's heart.

But before they rose from their knees there was one other petition to burst from the broken-hearted mother's lips:

"O God, take me—Thy wond'ring child—take me back again!"

And in the presence of the awful deed, and of those two tear-stained, trembling children, God. In His understanding mercy, heard and answered the

backslider's cry, and Alice Leighton went from that death-chamber conscious that her sin was under the Blood.

But forgiveness is not restitution. Although the woman's sin was pardoned, the consequences of that sin were not removed. Alice's repentance came too late to recall the lost soul of the man whom she once might have saved—whether it has come too late to prevent little Geoffrey and Phil the future alone will reveal.—A. L. D.

What a Soldier x Should Know.

The Army's Principles for the Evangelization of Native Races.

Salvation Army principles, pure and simple, with an extra pinch of adaptation thrown in, are our hope for the salvation of the heathen. Not, however, adaptation of the sort which merely consists of changing one's clothes and food, but adaptation that carries with it a whole-hearted recognition and observance of the Scripture truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations." The success of the Army in India, in Japan, and among other native races, is attributable to the genuine, unforced spirit of fraternization with the people manifested, and it is on the maintenance of this spirit, among both European and high-class Indian officers, in conjunction with the world-wide principles of the Army—more especially those of self-support and self-propagation—on which we confidently lay for greater and greater victories, till the millions of India, and other benighted lands, are won for God.

Does the Army Believe in the Doctrine of Final Perseverance of the Saints?"

No. We believe that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be finally lost. The promises of blessing, the exhortations, the warnings of the Scriptures, all go to show that we must be "faithful unto death"; "Hold fast that which thou hast"; and "He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." To say that every saint will be finally saved, whether he perseveres in holiness or sin—to say that although he shall backslide ever so often he will be certainly restored in the end and taken to heaven—discredits the responsibility which God has unalterably fastened to the career of every man.

SAVING THE WORLD.

A Soldier's Song.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tune.—Stand like the brave. A world of rebellion Our Jesus doth; His soldiers, they faltered; For others He cried: When God raised our General, Who Blood and Fire waved, And said he'd ne'er furl it Till all men were saved.

Chorus.

Saving the world, Saving the world, Saving the world By the Blood and the Fire!

Heaven-born is our mission, The wide world our field We hold a commission Our Saviour's Blood sealed, How sacred our duty, And solemn our call, We follow our Captain, We'll fight till we fall.

We care not though foes Miss us, crowding our track; Earth, hell and the devils Shall ne'er keep us back. King Jesus is leading.

We trust in His might; So down with the wrong, And up with the right!

If ready for battle, With me take your stand; If ready to suffer, At Jesus' command, if ready for conquest, Dark millions to win, Then fix every bayonet, And help me to slug—

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Brigadier Pugmire on the War Path—35 Souls for Pardon and Cleansing in Eight Days—Two Hallelujah Weddings—Glorious Outpouring of God's Spirit—Still There's More to Follow—Two Officers' Councils.

OTTAWA (the Imperial City) was the first on the list, and on our arrival we were met by Ensign Pugh, the D. O., who had made attractive announcements of our visit.

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We scored ten souls for pardon and cleansing, God being mightily present with us, inspiring and blessing His own people and convicting sinners.

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We had very nice congregations, several ministers being present, and doubtless we would have had a larger congregation in the afternoon had it not been for a military funeral. As it was, "60,000 Miles by Land and Sea," drew a number.

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We had a full program on the Monday, and one prominent feature was a private Hallelujah Wedding of two soldiers. We fixed them up all right and sent them away happy.

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KEMPTVILLE, 8:30 p.m. when we arrived, but we can make up time in the Army, and we did on this occasion. After a concertina and guitar duet, Ensign Pugh had a pitch-in.

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Great power fell upon the crowd, and in response to our invitation three souls volunteered for pardon, and God did not say them nay.

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We reached our billet very near midnight, directed there by a bright soldier. Before we parted with our friend the question was asked, "What about being a Candidate?" Since we have received a letter from said soldier, "Render, 'the harvest field is white—the laborers are few,'" send us your application right away.

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CANANOQUE came next, being met by Ensign Stanger and Lieut. Thompson. The afternoon was spent in inspecting corps books, etc.

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A splendid crowd gathered in as near a little barracks as we have seen. Under the Army flag we had an enrollment of soldiers.

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One man desired our prayers, but none yielded. We have, however, since heard from the Ensign that two or three nights later four surrendered. Hallelujah!

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KINGSTON—We had a big program as follows: Two officers' councils, swearing in of recruits, and a Hallelujah Wedding. In our two public gatherings we had eight souls for pardon. Kingston is all right.

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What can I say about those two blessed councils? God did come in our midst, and His will was more clearly revealed to us, and power was given to walk in this fresh light.

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Several hundred people were present to witness the wedding of two faithful and devoted officers, viz., Adj't. Kendall and Ensign Ward. The knot was tied amidst much enthusiasm.

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Adj't. and Mrs. Kendall will remain in command of the Kingston and Belleville Districts. May God bless them much. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." May this be verified in their case.

—/—

God's seal was placed upon their union by three souls seeking the pardon of their sins. Oh, the joy of leading souls to God, and Adj't. and Mrs. Kendall have each experienced this joy in the past. May it be increased ten-fold.

—/—

Congratulatory messages were read from comrades in different parts of the field. At the time of writing the bride and groom are having a few days' vacation.

The Kingston band looked neat and military in their new band suits, just supplied them by our Trade Department. The music supplied by Ensign Pugh, Capt. Freuer, and Sister Dowdy was good.

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MONTREAL 1—Good Friday and Easter Sunday were spent at good old No. 1, and grand times we had, which resulted in fourteen seekers for pardon and cleansing. We were assisted by the Chancellor, Ensigns Williams, Lodge, and Miller, and others.

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On Good Friday night the P.O. swore in a number of recruits, and also presented the brand new flag to the corps, the soldiers of the corps promising faithfulness to its principles.

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The meetings on Easter Sunday were simply grand. Twelve surrendered for the day. Glory be to God! East Ontario has mounted her war horse, and there are glorious triumphs ahead of her. Watch and see!—Yours tolking to bring it about, J. S. Pugnire.

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What I Kum Across
IN TRAVELING.

(Continued.)

Och! Sure, Mr. Editor, I'm clean stuck. Where shall I start? When I stopped love's sun was settin' and risin' enough to stir the hart ov the most kallus; but gettin' out ov that territory I struck sum more events ye might like to hear about.

Well, arlyin' at Kingston, I heard there was to be a prayer meetin' at a Salvashuner's house. I went wid a young lad who showed me the way there. Och! Mr. Editor, why didn't we send a reporter to rite up that meetin' fur ye paper?

66 Peopel Stuck in that House.

A Methody preacher, who sed he gave all his family to the Army, was to lead the service. He will see to the meetin' to help him. Mr. Editor, me heart warms to this sofer boy to this day. You should a-seen that sofer ov the Queen wiflin' the devil. The glory kum in chunkas. I hollered rite out wunst myself, which is unusual fer me, bein' quiet like. When the sofer was there an' the preacher started, it was time for the devil's ranks to show the white flag, an' three prisoners were taken. What meanin' that was. Here I met the Pope, not His Holiness of Rome, but a gentleman every decent kow ought to keep clear ov, or he'll cut him into bestead at wun end of his shop, an' pull his hide to yer doots at the other. Needless to say, he mind a sturn' speech.

Sech! I mentioned animals, I ought to say something about a lecture I heard a ladle givin' my friend Mr. Weir, of Millbrook on docktorin', a sick kaf. Mr. Weir was a well-formed man before, but he's better informed now. Well, sur, wid other ingredients

She Gave that Kaf a Kupful of Yeast.

Wid that remark I laughed out loud, Sez I, "that ought to rite it sure," an' Mr. Weir sat there takin' it all in, lec' takin' in the instruction. (I don't mean takin' in the yeast, or the kaf, Mr. Editor.) Well, sur, Mr. Weir is been givin' his kore some yeast, an' it's risin', risin', risin', liter an' liter.

Wid the kaf mixed in me salmoun at Kingston, I took ship an' soon the trailla was rollin' into the salmoun at the Limestone City. (Mr. Editor, this is a figger of speech.) Well, sir, the event that took place there clean surpasses discription. I heard Mr. Kendall (Adj'tant, I think they calls him) an' the indie preacher ov the Salvashuna Temple wus to be married, an' I struck for the place Wednesday nite. (The weddin' was to be next day.)

Their reverences Mr. Pugmire and Mr. Pue was to lead the exercises—that's the rite word, sir, for they gave the devil more exercise than he's had for some time. If yer a singer, Mr. Editor, ye's sing "The Old Oaken Bucket that Hung in the Well." Mr. Pugmire tuk us rite to the old well whil no old bucket at it, but the salvashuna well that springs up wut out a bucket. Och! Mr. Editor, what a speed! The well was rite there, the water was blin' rite up, ye end feel it in yer soul.

Five Sinners "Stuped Down an' Drankin' Lived."

"Glory, hallelujah! This is grate," sez I. But the weddin' the next nite, These salvashuna weddin's is funny things. The chief idea seems to be to git someone saved. "Let us go in fur souls," I heard Mr. Pugmire say, an' Mr. Kendall and the indie preacher an' the same.

Well, gettin' there in time I tuk notes ov the proceedings. The processhun to the platform started exactly 8:15, an' wasn't I surprised to see Mr. Adj't. and friend, Mr. Parker, at the head ov it. He had run to see Mr. Kendall landed "safe ov the eagon shore," and at the end ov the processhun came a Salvashuna Kapitan named French, evidently of the same military spirit as General French, who is fitin' the Boers, for she is a great man to fit the devil. It was a strakin' processhun—Mr. Parker solem as the town clock, Mr. Kendall a little nervous, Mr. Pugmire bliznes like, the indie preacher firm as Gibraltar, an' Captain French smilin' like the roses ov June. The barracks was neve full. The band blowed, the people shouted, an' even the solem Mr. Parker smiled a little. But, makin' a long story short, the bliznes was soon gone into. Mr. Kendall

Spoke Up "I Will" Like a Man

that meetin' biznes. The indie preacher ditto, an' Mr. Pugmire, not havin' power to pull the net so tight, had explained, Mr. Pue stopped forward and finished a good job by sayin' "I pronounce you man and wife, and when God has joined asunder let no man put together"—no, no, Mr. Editor, I'm blunderin', That's the way he was sayin' it at a weth' wunst, but here he sed it in the usual way, Mr. Kendall give the indie preacher one good snuck and she was no more, but in her place stood the swate, smilin' Mrs. Kendall. Sure, sez I, this is mighty interestin'. What kums next? Sez I, an' sure, Mr. Editor, they tuk to processhun salvashuna hot & strong. Mr. Kendall gave a sturn' speech. Mrs. Kendall ditto. Then Mr. Pugmire went at it. My, that gentleman can wallop the devil! I heard old Satan trembles when he sees the weekest saint upon his nes. Not on the devil's nes, Mr. Editor. Sure, there is too many saints on the devil's nes heen daulded to sleep. But on the saint's nes, Sure, Mr. Pugmire believes in gettin' on his nes, an' then gettin' up and fitin'. Well, sure, he made the devil tremble this time. Soon a

little Lad Held up His Hand,

sayin' he wanted to be saved. Och! the darlin, me hart went out to him. Sure, that little hand raised to heaven munes a lot. Sure, if I was a painter I'd paint a picture of that little hand raised to heaven. I couldn't help feelin' the blessed Lord wus there. Isef sayin', "Suffer the little children to come unto me." an' me old hart was all melted down. Soon two more kum to the penitent form. Sure, sez I, that's the way to git married—git souls saved through it all ye're sure to be happy fur time & eternity. Sure, sez I, if I kin git to where Mr. Pugmire is marryin' people agin I go.

But all things have an end, and so did this beautiful event. We struck for the stasoun, the kaf weel was soon movin', I shook hands wid Mr. an' Mrs. Kendall. Mr. Pugmire give me a grip that warmed me hart. He's a fine gentleman that. I jumped from the car just in time to save wun good man goin' to the wrong stasoun. The clouds salled in heavy overhead somewhere. The rain was gently fallin', an' like a true little gentleman, I struck through the mud and disappeared in the darkness.—MORN' SLICE.

The devil doesn't have to call very many times to find some folks at home.

The Doings of the Newfoundland P.O.

"I am going to visit Harbor Grace and Carbonear," said Brigadier Sharp to me on Monday, as I entered his office, "will you come?" Of course I would go, and right glad I answered "Yes."

So on Wednesday, at 5 p.m., we boarded the train. The "we" consisted of Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and Adj't. Mr. Dowell, who was startin' his summer business, as some 200 men who had been to the lee fields and had made good catches, were returning home. Having a few dollars they must needs visit the hotels and have a few drinks, and some went a little sleep and were a little on the talkative side.

The railroad officers were very kind to us; we were put in a nice compartment, with no less a man than his reverence, Bishop McDonald, of the R. C. Church, who, by the way is a very pleasant man, and not too talky with Army officers.

We arrived at Carbonear at 10 p.m., and went to the station by Adj't. McLean, who greeted us with a happy smile, and piloted us to our billets, where we stowed away for the night.

Early on Thursday the Brigadier had us on the war path and soon we were in the midst of a little band of officers, who had come for miles to hear a few farther words from our worthy P. O. The council was a great help. War Cry, Self-Denial, and general business over, we had a little heavenly time, then off to our tea, and back for the public meeting. What shall I say of the meeting? It was most elaborate. It was the Army review, showing our work in 46 different countries and colonies. It was very helpful and the audience was won up, so Mac. said.

Friday we walked four miles to Harbor Grace, where we had another blessed season of council, and a great public audience.

Saturday we returned to Carbonear. Adj't. Dowell lectured at night. Hall well filled.

Sunday was a day of victory. At the hellenit meeting the Brigadier waxed eloquent, his words went home, backed by the Holy Ghost, and at the close two claimed the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon the barracks was packed. Mrs. Sharp was the leading light. My Adj't. and I can talk! and God helped us. At the close we all joined to rejoice over four souls which came out for salvation. At night another packed barracks, and the Brigadier to the front. Mrs. Dowell sang. Adj'tant said his say. Mrs. Sharp sang and said a few words, and the Brigadier drew in the net. It came in hard, but, thank God, not without a catch. We were able to close rejoicing, that God had given the victory even at Carbonear.

We took train at 6 a.m. on Monday, and arrived back to St. Johns to hear the glad news that God had helped there, and nine souls had been saved at No. I, eight at No. III, and one or two at No. II.—G. H. Dowell, Adj't.

THOUGHTS

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

—/—

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

—/—

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it.

—/—

A lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

—/—

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you love to be treated yourself.

—/—

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; in the case of scandal, as well as robbery, the receiver is always bad as the thief.

—/—

Every moment you now lose is so much character and advantage lost, as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.

—/—

GAZETTE.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Captain Sam Clark, who came out of Bonavista in 1895, last stationed at Channel, '98, promoted to Glory from Bonavista on March 18th, 1900.

APPOINTMENTS -

MAJOR MCMILLAN, resting, to West Ontario Province, as Provincial Officer.

MAJOR COLLIER, Financial Secretary, to be Assistant General Secretary.

MAJOR TURNER, Chancellor of the C. O. P., to be Assistant Provincial Officer.

STAFF-CAPT. STANVON, General Secretary's Office, to be Chancellor for the C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD to Territorial Headquarters for special work of Financial and Men's Social affairs, under the Territorial Secretary.

ADJT. FRAZER, Moncton District, to Halifax Corps and District.

ADJT. CRICHTON, Windsor District, to Moncton Corps and District.

ADJT. MCLEAN, Halifax District, to Windsor Corps and District.

ADJT. McNAMARA, Charlottetown District, to St. John I. Corps and Garrison.

ADJT. KENDALL, Belleville District, to Kingston Corps and District.

ADJT. BARR, Fargo District, to Winnipeg Corps and District.

ENSIGN TAYLOR, Valley City Corps, to Calgary Corps and District.

ENSIGN BURTON, Calgary District, to Fargo Corps and District.

ENSIGN BALE, C. O. P. Provincial Headquarters, to Beechbridge Corps and District.

ENSIGN GRAHAM, St. John I. Corps and Garrison, to Charlottetown Corps and P. E. I. District.

EVANGELINE G. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

MISS BOOTH IN THE KOOTENAI CAPITAL.

Nelson Turns Out En Masse to Hear the Commissioner—
Twelve Souls Captured—Excellent Finances.

Nelson campaign has been a stupendous triumph. Large and enthusiastic crowd of citizens awaited my arrival at the wharf. Largest hall in the city packed for each meeting, and many turned away. Soldiers filled with love and fire, fought as whole-hearted, red-hot Salvationists always do. Exceptional demonstration of affection and confidence from all. Band did excellent service—rendered first-class music. Result: 12 souls and \$330 total collections. Major and Mrs. Hargrave are in the hearts of the people, and masters of the situation. Adjutant Smith, from Port Simpson, is here; brings excellent reports of the Army work among Indians. Expectations great for Rossland. Flag waves high. Yours from the front,

COMMISSIONER.

FIELD COMMISSIONER'S
APPOINTMENTS.

WESTERN TOUR.

In addition to the Meetings previously announced in the War Cry, MISS BOOTH has decided to visit:—

BRANON, Opera House, Tuesday May 1,
"Miss Booth in Rags."

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Opera House, Wednesday, May 2, "Miss Booth in Rags."

The Chief at the Temple.

A DAY OF SPECIAL BLESSING.

The announcement read that the Chief Secretary would visit the Temple for a week-end, and on account of past visits being so successful his coming was heralded with great delight, for the Temple soldiers and friends love the Colonel.

The weather on Sunday morning was of rather a dull nature, but a nice crowd turned up for the open-air. The band was also present. The Colonel's address in the morning, on Daniel, was very interesting, and we shall not forget the lessons brought out.

The afternoon march to the open-air stand was the means of arousing much interest. A large crowd assembled at the open-air and listened very attentively and helped most liberally in the collection. The inside meeting was a real lively one. Staff-Capt. Creighton on led the testimony meeting, and everybody went in for a good time, and got love.

Staff-Capt. Munton sang, "My name is in Mother's Prayer." This song is becoming quite a favorite with the Temple folks.

For the evening open-air we stood outside the Queen's Hotel. The interest down there seems to be increasing so far as the visitors are concerned. If we are to judge by the crowd that attended the open-air and the way they gave in the collection.

The Colonel's address in the night meeting was grand. Staff-Captain Creighton's address was the means of stirring up several. He related the story of how he was converted at the drum head in the open-air, while the rain was pouring down.

Staff-Capt. Archibald opened the prayer meeting. After some little time of prayer and faith, wrestling with God, one soul came forward—a brother who used to be a bright soldier and a ladman.

We will all be glad to see the Colonel come back again and spend a Sunday with us.

The Colonel was assisted all day by Staff-Capt. Archibald, Creighton, Munton, and Morris, as well as the corps' officer, Adj't. Cameron, and several others.

The finances for the day were very good. The band also turned out in full force and did good service.—Walter Peacock, R. C.

Personal Paragraphs.

THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY.

Some secular paper printed, unintentionally doubtless, the news that General Booth was presented with a purse of \$200,000 on his recently-celebrated 71st birthday. For the information of those who are not acquainted with Army intelligence, we wish to say that this sum represented the result of Great Britain's Self-Defining Week, for the maintenance and advancement of the Army's work at home and abroad. Our beloved General does not accept purses for personal profit, nor draws even any salary from Army funds. More than that, the considerable sum noted from the sale of the General's books, which might well be claimed by him, has been devoted to the work to which he has given his life and energy so sparingly. May He yet be spared to celebrate many birthdays in our midst.

Staff-Capt. Munton sang, "My name is in Mother's Prayer." This song is becoming quite a favorite with the Temple folks.

For the evening open-air we stood outside the Queen's Hotel. The interest down there seems to be increasing so far as the visitors are concerned. If we are to judge by the crowd that attended the open-air and the way they gave in the collection.

The Colonel's address in the night meeting was grand. Staff-Captain Creighton's address was the means of stirring up several. He related the story of how he was converted at the drum head in the open-air, while the rain was pouring down.



April 24th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Boers are still besieging Weepers, and have a line of troops in touch with the main force north of Bloemfontein, running east of that place. The relief forces have been despatched from Aliwal North, under General Brabant and General Rundell, from Lord Roberts' main force at Bloemfontein. Small engagements have taken place at different points, but no decisive action has been reported.—One of General Rundell's outposts of 50 men lost 35 in missing, only 18 men returning to camp.—Mafeking appears as closely invested as ever, although Lt. Smith, of Colonel Plumer's force managed to pass the Boer lines and enter the besieged town with despatches, also to return with the same to Colonel Plumer.—Guns are being manufactured at Pretoria for the Boers.—Lord Roberts has severely criticized the battle of Spion Kop, censuring Generals Buller, Warren, and Thorneycroft, all of whom are expected to be relieved of their commands. A number of Dutch Cape Colonists captured at Sunnyside have been tried for treason and sentenced to terms of imprisonment from two to five years.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A Sergeant was shot in the present labor trouble at Croton dam works in New York.—The Welland Canal is to open on April 25th for navigation. Three individuals made an attempt to blow up the Canadian locks, which would have delayed the opening of navigation and caused a disastrous flood, destroying many lives and much property.—Chief of Police Alex. Main, of St. John, N. B., went to recover some stolen property from a Chinese cabin, where he was murdered and his body buried near by.—Marie Druse jumped from Brooklyn Bridge and escaped without injury.—Several bridges have been carried away in Quebec Province by the recent freshets.—An attempt was made to wreck a G. T. R. Express near Princeton, but failed.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is visiting England.—The anti-British press of Cairo is agitating against the entrance of Christian missionaries into the Soudan.—The plague riots at Cawnpore have been subdued.—Queen Victoria has been so pleased with her reception in Ireland that she has prolonged her visit by one week.—The bubonic plague is reported to have appeared at several ports of the Red Sea.—Earthquakes have been frequent in Bohemia.—The Duke of Argyle is dead. The Marquis of Lorne, his eldest son, succeeds him.

Undeserved praise is the severest censure; therefore sit down and consider when you are praised whether you deserve it or not; if not, depend upon it you are only laughed at and abused.

TRADE NOTICE . . .

Nearly all Goods have materially advanced in Price, and therefore we are compelled to stop sending Goods Express PREPAID. Kindly note that in future orders will be sent Express COLLECT, while POSTAGE to cover carriage should accompany all small orders to be shipped by Mail.

MAJOR JNO. M. C. HORN,
TRADE SECRETARY.

Women's Social Work.

The excellent administration of the Women's and Children's Social Work by the Commissioner's Secretary for that branch, Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, has found general acknowledgement in many circles, and deserves every recognition. The opening of the Evangeline Home for Children at Toronto (see report on page 12) marks another step in the steady advance in the department spoken of. May many of the boys and girls passing through the Home be the better fitted for the battle of life. Other distinct signs of progress may be gleaned from Mrs. Read's notes on page 4.

Spokane's Greatest.

THE VISIT OF MISS BOOTH

PROVES THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN SPOKANE'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY---"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

NOTHING ever like it in Spokane's history, is the verdict of the people who attended the Commissioner's meetings, on Sunday and Monday, April 8th and 9th. Whether the Commissioner's meetings, or "Rags," takes the palm is a matter of opinion, but judging from a Salvationist's standpoint, each meeting was one better than the other. That the Commissioner has eclipsed all previous efforts goes without saying. There were unprecedented crowds, who were not slow in showing their appreciation of the Commissioner's visit, and personal regard for herself.

The Auditorium, well filled for an afternoon meeting, was declared to be a distinct triumph, but at night fully 500 people failed to find accommodation. One gentleman remained next day until he got into the building, and saw so many people leave, turned away that he gave up and went home. Others bent on hearing a little, if possible, waited for some one who might, perchance, be unable to remain right through, but few very few left before the Commissioner had finished, and their places were immediately filled.

Quite a large number of ministers from different churches in the city, were present. The Rev. Mr. Glibney, who introduced the Commissioner, is one of our warmest friends.

Surrounding under the circumstances was very difficult, and although we only noted one, we believe the impression made will amply repay for all the strength and energy spent by our beloved Commissioner. No one can, for a moment, but acknowledge she was inspired in her utterances by the Holy Ghost, and although much exhausted physically, the Commissioner went bravely through the series of meetings without a half. At the P. O.'s quarters

People Have Called to Express Their Delight

at what they heard, and how much blessing and good they had received. In the office, on the cars, and streets, the meetings have been upon everybody's lips. Spokane's biggest triumph is nothing of the past, but its memory will live on. The following report from the Spokesman Review shows how this campaign has been looked upon:

EVA BOOTH SPOKE.

SHE DELIVERED TWO STIRRING ADDRESSES YESTERDAY.

Auditorium was crowded — The Salvation Army Commissioner Spoke There Afternoon and Evening.

[Spokesman Review, Spokane.]

Eva Booth is in Spokane. For the third time the "angel of the slums" has spoken to the people of this city, and on the occasion of her two sermons yesterday she was greeted by audiences that taxed the capacity of the Auditorium. In the afternoon she spoke for an hour on the subject, "The Song of the City." During every moment she had the attention of her immense audience, and at times the power of her speech and personality held the assemblage spellbound.

The Commissioner arrived in Spokane last night over the Northern Pacific Railroad. She is accompanied on her present tour by Major Sneedon and her staff, Major Welch, English Griffith, and Willie. They came to Spokane from Butte. Major Burgrave, of the Spokane District, had the entire company taken at once to his own home where they will be entertained during their stay in the city.

Twice before has the tall and majestic daughter of the Father of the Salvation Army appeared in Spokane, and on each of these occasions she has been met with a cordial reception. But last evening she spoke to the largest audience that, perhaps, ever attended a religious service held in this city.

Service was Characteristic.

The afternoon service was the most characteristic of a Booth devotional meeting. The people who attended were expecting the speaker to deliver a better lecture than she had before done while here, and they were not disappointed in that expectation. Though the woman was not in the best of health, her voice was clear and her delivery fascinating to her hearers. Rev. G. W. Gilhoney delivered a short speech of introduction, and Miss Booth was accorded an ovation when she advanced to the front of the stage.

The text from which the speaker drew inspiration was: "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and no man could learn that song, save they who were redeemed." She spoke rapidly, and with the strong English accent now well known to the people of this city. Her first theme was the beauty of the world, and the wondrous things of God just provided for the people of His earth. Attention was directed to the thousands of beauties of nature, and from the platitude she drew of these she called upon her hearers to listen to the music and harmony of life.

The music of nations and the music of history was searched, and their results laid bare before her audience. In this the speaker paid devotion to the power of music, and gave several examples of that power being made manifest in history. The worldly music, that of the dance, the popular songs and concert music, was next shown to be engrossed in its character and effect, and the heavenly music, that of a contented soul, was pictured for her hearers, with praise. Peace, the speaker said, was the

thing to be desired in the effects of music, and the things for which men strive and struggle were shown as useless when acquired unless their possessor had in his possession also peace.

"Rock of ages," she said, was the true song of the city of God. All the books ever written could not, she said, equal that song in influence upon the human race. The close of her sermon, fraught with long, ponderous periods and reverberating sentences, was so effective that the people in the audience were called upon to exercise all their self-control to keep from applauding her.

Evening Address Applauded.

The evening meeting addressed by a crowd as large as the Auditorium had sheltered in a long time, was another triumph for the gentle woman whose life-work has been devoted to the cause of humanity. "Love's Sunset" was the theme, and while Miss Booth had woven an address that was longer and fully as good as was her effort in the afternoon, it occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery.

The story, which really was a series of stories, centred on the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and its consequent bearing on the human race. Above and beyond all could be seen the magnificent faith and hope of the speaker. For the lecture, for it could hardly be called a sermon, though having the most sermon effect, the stage was arranged to represent a garden. Miss Booth wore a yellow gown of delicate cut on the bosom of which shone the burling anthon of mercury of the Red Cross Society.

The fashion and texture of her dress but emphasized the slight, weak appearing form of the Commissioner. Her face plainly showed that her physical condition was not what it should be. She was pale. The strain of the hard work and hard journey of the few weeks during which she has been so hard at work in the West also accentuated a drawn look of suffering in her face. But there was no suffering in her bearing. From the time she began speaking the words flowed in the usual steady stream and the frail figure fairly shook with energy.

From out of the depths of a wealth of personal recollection and experience,

View of Lake Pend d'Oreille, as seen by the Commissioner on her way to Spokane.

Miss Booth took stories of sin and the consequences thereof and turned them to account in the building of a great discourse. At the end of each recital of incident she would pour out her soul in protest at the wickedness of the world. These sentiments were among the best of the evening. The sentiments expressed were uniformly high enough to engage the closest attention of everyone who heard, and not so high but that all understood.

Spoke of Her Slum Work.

Her rescue work in the slums and prisons of London and New York has probably given Miss Booth a better insight into the lives of the lowest classes than has any other person alive today. Her descriptions of Salvation Army work, in bringing with the paths of love for humanity, were accorded the attention of the absorbing interest generally felt among those who sat before her.

She knows humanity in all its hopes, in all its ambitions, and in all its desires, and her depiction of the ways in which humanity goes down to ruin were grim with truth. Drink, gambling, passion, lust, the pleasures of the world and of the devil, were fiercely attacked by the persistently energetic woman of the spirit of love.

"Ah, this drink," she said at one period. "We want to like the world is. We want to taste it. We know it is good for us. It is sweet to us. Give it to us. And the young man says 'I drink to your health; I drink to your prosperity; I drink to your happiness.' But, ah! years later that young man says, 'Drink, drink, drink. I drink to the rule of my wife; I drink to the misery of my life; I drink to the shame of my little ones; I drink to the despair of my family; I drink to my soul's damnation.'"

Her splendid oratorical height to which the woman arose during the dramatic delivery of the foregoing affected her audience to a remarkable extent. The passage quoted is but a sample of the whole of Miss Booth's talk last night. Each sentence spoken by her is delivered with a magnetic swing that enlists the sympathy of her audience completely. She is a most remarkable orator and a wonderful woman.

The magnificent success of the Sunday's campaign presaged a further success on Monday. "Miss Booth in Rags" has

A peculiar Charm and Fascination.
The First M. E. Church, the largest

(Continued on page 13.)



Spokane Falls, Wash.

From a Lion to a Lamb.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

Chapter III.

IN WHICH CASPAR SEEKS TO MARRY.

Two months after this battle two companies of infantry were sent out to stop a war dance, which was a most cruel performance. It is conducted on this wise: Each Indian performer sews a piece of raw hide through the flesh on each side of their body. Then they tie themselves together with the strings and dance around a burning pole. The Indian who can stand it the longest and best is selected chief. The two companies, however, made them quit this barbarous work.

Caspar had a great hatred for the Indians. They were afterwards removed three miles south of Fort Snelling, and when Caspar's time of service was up he passed through their encampment on his way home. They yelled and howled at him, and our soldier boy was never so scared in his life before. He thought his end had come.

He got safely through, however, and proceeded soon after that to Columbia, South Dakota, where he worked six months with a farmer. The man lost his crop and Caspar got no pay.

Then followed two years of life in a place called Aberdeen. He "batched" it, as they say in the West, in this place, but during that time a new experience awaited him.

About a mile away lived a young woman whom he began to keep company. Her father, however, refused Caspar his daughter and ordered him to leave his house one day. Caspar said he would not until the man, who was in debt to him to the amount of \$275, paid his debt. This he refused to do, and got hold of Caspar's arm to pull him out. This was too much for Caspar, high tempered as he was, so he retaliated, and the man found himself outside instead. Caspar threw him against a rock, split his head, broke his jaw bone, and he was also minus six or seven teeth. This enraged the wife so much that she began to swear at the face. He grabbed the woman and pulled the woman to the floor with it. They were both now lying senseless, so Caspar went in and talked to the daughter, who did not care for such a display of physical force. Love may be strong and courageous, but if he loved her she would rather see it run a blind smother and not so demonstrative, seeing both parents were subject to his wrath by interference. The young woman flew out and went for neighbors, so Caspar got in his wagon and drove off to his shack (home).

He now felt that he had nearly killed two people, and his conscience troubled him for several days; in fact, he could not eat, because he felt over the affair. Though he never went near the man for several months, yet he heard a day or so after that he had to have the doctor several times.

The following spring he went back again after his money, but when his debtor saw him coming he got a shot gun and gave him two minutes to get out of his yard before he fired. Caspar went off, but the next day when passing the man's place again he saw him ploughing half-a-mile from the house, so he thought it safe to step in and see the man's wife and daughter.

The wife was away, and the young woman home with the children. Caspar asked where the mother was, but she would not at first answer. After some talk the young woman told the subject of our story that she was sadly abused by her father, but she would not give him up. Caspar told her to leave home. A week after he went to see her, but found she had really left home, but was told she had gone to town. He could not find her there, so gave up looking for her.

He left off trying to get his money, so the poor fellow never got either money or wife.

Chapter IV.

TELLING OF A BRUTAL FIGHT OVER A WOMAN, WHICH RESULTED IN A LASTING FRIENDSHIP.

"Now we have got you at last," said a young fellow who jumped out from among some trees, as Caspar was riding past, little thinking of danger.

He was at the time reading a book his minister had given him at confirmation. How true, danger lurks near when we least expect it. As he thus rode peacefully along, the fellow who had spoken the above words jumped at him with a dagger, while a helmate jumped and caught the horse. Both used inexpressible language. Caspar asked to be left alone to prevent trouble. One man got Caspar out of the buggy, and landed him, in doing so, on his head. However, his soul was sufficiently able to kick his antagonist, as well as strike at him with a shot such that he was taken from the carriage as he fell.

The fellow, as the subject of our story puts it, made a dive at him with the dagger, and cut him through the arm and lip, also across the chest, as well as nearly cutting off his thumb, as he held out his hand to guard his opponent's blow. Caspar now gave him a blow in the temple that brought him to the ground. Then he jumped on him with both feet.

The other man at the horse now sprang toward Caspar, whom he gave a blow under the eye and told him to leave him. The man died No. 2 to the ground, so it left Caspar free to devote his injured passion upon the other man. He stamped his heels in his face, taking the flesh off of one side and breaking the jaw bone. Then kicking him in the ribs, and supposing him dead, he left him.

Caspar was now weak through loss of blood, so he let the horse find the jounner.

The quarrel had all been over a young woman whom Caspar had admired, and who had been spoken against.

Now, he came to the young lady's

home right after the fight referred to. The father came out and said, "How they did play you out, didn't they?"

"Yes, pretty badly," replied he, "but I killed one of those fellows, I'm sure."

"Did you?" said the father. "Where did you have it out?"

Caspar told him, so the father called the family out, and sent the boys off to get the supposed dead man. They got him and took him home. "The injured man's father was so enraged that he came with a shotgun to shoot Caspar, but he was not allowed to come near the latter, as they said that Caspar had a right to protect his life. The supposed-killed man was taken to the hospital, where he came to consciousness and remained there for four months.

Caspar now went to a Justice of the Peace and told him he was guilty of the crime. The man told him to drop the matter until he heard from him further. After some time had elapsed he told him that he had a right to protect his own life, and no law could prevail against him.

Caspar, however, took quite an interest in his enemy, enquiring every week about him. The first two weeks there were very little hopes of life. The third week hope was held out, but it was said he would be crippled for life. When he eventually came out it happened he saw Caspar across the street, and coming over asked if it was him. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "I deserve all the punishment I got, and ask your forgiveness."

They shook hands and called it all forgotten. Then went into the saloon and both treated.

From that time on they were always good friends, though the poor fellow was crippled ever after.

Caspar never went back to see the girl over whom they had the quarrel, and he thinks his disturber never got her either.

(To be continued.)



Our Soldiers.

GUNNER ERNEST BREWER, R.G.A.,
Of the S. A. Military and Naval League, Bermuda.

From my early boyhood days I sought the blessing of salvation, which I now enjoy by the grace of God. I remember very well my school days, how I used to sit and read, or go rambling round the lanes in that quiet little village of Sandridge, in old England, all alone, with my mind fixed on some verse in the Bible, or singing a hymn. I could not make myself happy with the pleasures of the world, like my companions, and oftentimes did I suffer from blows and jeers through my shortcomings in this respect. Yet I always had a warm place in my heart for my greatest enemy. I could never forget a portion of Scripture my dear father taught me in the Sunday School: "Love them that persecute you."

I was thirteen years of age when I left school, and started to earn my own living. Here my troubles began. I was very fond of horses, and hired myself to a farmer for that reason. I soon forgot God and became a blackguard and a gambler, which grieved my dear parents. Instead of going to school or church on Sunday, I used to go gambling, and in a few hours lost all I had worked hard for during the week.

I never had a suit of clothes to call my own, and would have gone naked if my dear old mother had not denied herself, and bought clothes for me. She would sit up all night four or five times a week mending straw hats to earn money to buy my clothes with. When she would seek to give me some good advice I would run out into the street and call her everything but mother. This soon got my name about as a scandal, and my dear mother would say, "It is not Ernest, it is the devil."

This led me to run away from home and I enlisted in Her Majesty's service, where I was surrounded by all classes

of men. When I was sent to Bermuda with the regiment, I determined to live a better life. I sought good company, joined a church, and even professed Christ. I am sure I tried to live a good Christian life, but having no true foundation I failed, and went as far back into the world as the devil could have me.

In this condition I saw myself a poor miserable sinner, and it was not long before I came to the penitent form of the Salvation Army, opened my heart to God, and told him I was willing to sacrifice myself as a living sacrifice to him if he would only forgive the past. And he did it. Now I know my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the prayers of my dear parents have been answered. I now realize I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, and am enjoying that peace I sought for. I am what I am by the grace of God.

To and Fro in the Twillingate District WITH ENSIGN COOPER.

SYNOPSIS.—Length of tour 25 days; traveled 131 miles; visited 10 corps and outposts; conducted 40 meetings; saw 12 souls at the Cross; enrolled 21 Senior Soldiers, and 7 Juniors; commissioned 72 Sergeants.

On Feb. 10th, I started for a tour round the District. Left Twillingate at 3:30 p.m., traveling to Morton's Harbor, and on the 20th Lt. Reader and your humble servant started for Comfort Cove. The comrades gave us a warm welcome. We spent one night with them. We have some good Salvationists at this place and a nice little barracks is being built, which will be ready to open in the spring.

Next morning at 6:30 a.m. we left for Campbellton, and after a hard journey

of ten miles, we met Capt. Cafe and Lt. Goss well in their soul and having the victory. Here we have a day-school, conducted by the Lieutenant. We spent two nights at this corps, had a good time, with three Juniors and one Senior saved. Four soldiers enrolled, ten Sergeants commissioned. The work is going on well here.

On the 23rd, at 8 a.m., we left for Botwood, and reached our destination at 8:30 p.m. We found Capt. Boggs smiling happy and glad to see us. The Captain has fought many hard battles since taking charge, but she can report victory, many souls having sought salvation. We spent Sunday at this place, and put in a good day for Jesus. In the afternoon I had the joy of enrolling five soldiers and commissioning eight Sergeants. We are going to start the new barracks some time in April. The Captain has been in to the lumbering camp and done some good collecting for the huts.

Next comes New Bay. Capt. Sainsbury greeted us with the greatest hospitality. This is a big corps, but there is a big lot of work to be done. The day-school is going on under the leadership of the Captain. We spent Sunday here and enrolled two soldiers and commissioned nine Sergeants. One bachelors' meeting house at night. At the soldiers' meeting on Monday night four came out for the blessing. What a time we had, they

Danced Until They Knocked Down the Stove.

Tuesday we left for New Bay. After a walk of ten miles we got to our friend's, Mrs. Richard's, where we spent two nights, held two meetings and saw two souls saved. These people are very anxious for us to start a frame for it, another gave \$10 towards it. This is a good start, and no doubt Capt. Sainsbury will make a move. We have one soldier here, Mr. Moore. He is very kind and always glad to see a Salvation Army.

Now for Exploits. Thirteen miles brought us to this place. Capt. Nevell and Lieutenant were looking out for us many days. The officers are having good times, and quite a number of souls have been saved. We spent Sunday at the corps, and although it was very bad weather we had nice crowds and seven were to have been enrolled, but it was so stormy only four came, and two or three came with their oil shoes on; we also commissioned ten Sergeants. We had a good time at night. Three souls at the Cross.

Monday found us on our way for Black Island, where Capt. Port is having blessed times. He is a small man but he can do a lot of work. This corps was opened on the 11th of December, 1890. Since then quite a number of souls have been saved. I had the joy of enrolling six Senior Soldiers and five Juniors, and also commissioning eight Sergeants. There are now twenty-eight soldiers on the roll. The Captain and his troops are doing good work. The new barracks will be ready to open some time in April. There are four outposts attached to this corps, all of which are looked after by this little man.

Sanson's Island came next. We had a meeting, and had a blessed time. These people know how to dance, they danced until the oven came off the stove. We have quite a few soldiers here, and they are going to start a barracks this spring.

Morton's Harbor came next. We found Capt. Howell very glad to meet us. Since taking charge of this corps, the Captain and his Lieutenant have had the joy of seeing many souls saved, and twenty-one have taken their stand as soldiers. The barracks has been finished and made very comfortable. We have another day-school here.

I am glad to say that souls are getting saved all round, the officers are well and determined to have victory in the Siege.—Ensign Cooper.

It is a great mistake to teach that a single act of faith furnishes a person with a paid-up, non-forfeitable policy, assuring the holder of eternal life.—The Outer.

—//—

And is this weakness? Is it not the strength of God, that loves and bears? Though he slighted or forgot In damning crimes, or driving cares, And closest clings in darkest lot,

The Children's Cosy Corner.

OPENING OF THE "EVANGELINE HOME."

A more unpropitious evening, so far as weather was concerned, could scarcely have been. The first long rain-storm of the season was falling, as if to assist in the christening of the Evangeline Children's Home, announced to be opened that night. Looking back on the disappointing elements, a philanthropist view represents two good things that this very ill wind blew us.

First, although it certainly thinned the crowd, it guaranteed that everybody who had walked through the drizzling night had some, because they really wanted to be present. Second, although the Home, we imagine, would look an inviting place in the day-time sunshine, yet on this particular night its light, grace, and cleanliness appeared especially pleasant by contrast.

Although the fittings are of an inexpensive character, the taste with which the design has been carried out makes it a most charming environment for the eyes of forty little ones, which we understand is its present capacity. Emerging from the spacious central hall, with its reception, office, and offices, you enter a long, wide corridor, out of which the door of one side represents the day and the other the night side of the Home. The informal grouping of the whole, even down to the arrangement of the little cots, forbids the use of the stiff word "institution," and pleasantly suggests the gentler term of "home." The little hospital ward, cap-



CAPTAIN CROCKER,
In Charge of Evangeline Home.

ade of being isolated under necessity, was an object of special interest to the friends who inspected the pretty pretences before the inaugural meeting.

In the absence of Mayor Macdonald, Alderman Urquhart presided, and expressed all sympathy and good wish for the new Home. At the close of the meeting he said, "It is a blessing to be here to-night, to listen and learn about such a work. The name of the Home is very significant. Let us all become Evangelists from this meeting and tell our friends of all we have seen and heard. I am grateful for being here. I thank all who have taken part, and I thank you for the privilege of being present."

It was regretted that the Commissioner, whose name the Home bears, and whose interest in and love for little children is well-known, was on her Western tour. She sent a message to the meeting, however, which we give in full.

A Message from Miss Booth.

"My Dear Friends:—

It would have given me much pleasure to have been with you to-day, at the opening of this beautiful Home for the friendless little ones for whom it has been fitted. But seeing that the many claims which make demand upon my time and attention necessitate my absence at the moment many miles away, I cannot let so special an event go by, without a word to those gathered to witness it, expressive of my very warm interest in the work which has called you together."

"As far back as I can remember, from the days when but little more than a child myself, I started to seek to

soothe the aching of the world's sad heart. I have always felt an excess of tender sympathy for the tears that fell from the eye of suffering childhood. Happiness and goodness seem as though they should ever be the birthright of all infancy, and that these frail flowers of earth so many should be cradled in sin, and nursed in the arms of sorrow, has always seemed to me one of the most grievous of all earthly wrongs."

"The children's claim is a soul-stirring one, and to disregard its importunity, is to neglect one of the most urgent duties devolving upon those who seek to bring the Kingdom of God on earth.

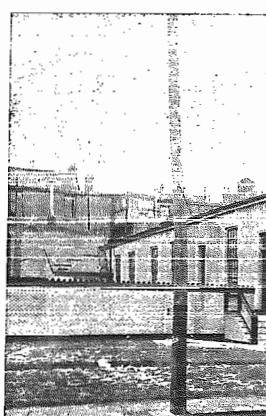
"They are ours—because they are Christ's. When in the midst of His arduous ministry among men, He thought it no waste expense of time and trouble to caress and bless the children. His arms still wait to be the resting-place of these little wayfarers on life's long road. It is our privilege to let them who have strayed, because they never knew the way, back to their own dear Refuge again. "Then we must bless them, because of their influence upon the world's blessing. A few years, and these little, half-clad, half-fed children will have grown to their heritage of manhood's care and sorrow. It will make all the difference to the society in which they will then be an important factor, whether they have been succoured in the hour of their early distress, and prepared by holy influences and training for their work in the world and their reward in the next."

"The outstretched hand which the Army offers to all need, has ever been extended towards the children. In the darkest moments of desolation, the passing of the Army's Slim Sister has brought comfort, cheer, and hope to hundreds of little lives which live, or rather droop, there amidst the shadows, and in all departments of our work, we have sought to attend their claim and meet their need. Through the agency of our children's work in this city, hundreds of these helpless little ones have been loved and cared for, and now under the more convenient auspices of the present Home, this beautiful and tender mission can but be increasingly blessed."

I commend the Home with the bleeding baby-face which amidst its encirclings, to your tenderest and most generous sympathy, that together, may rejoice over it, as some garden overlooked by the Heavenly Gardener, in which earth's destitute blossoms are tended by gentle and consecrated hands, for happy and holy blooming in time and eternity.

Yours for the comfort of the sad, and the blessing of the sorrowful,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.



Lient-Colonel Mrs. Read, to whose superintendence the work amongst women and children owes so much, was the first speaker.

Mrs. Read's Address.

"It affords me great pleasure to greet so many old friends, and to welcome many new ones. Since our last public gathering in connection with the Women's Social Department, a year ago, our watchword has been "Progress." We have been developing our work. We have cared for over 800 girls and endeavored to redeem them, body, soul, and spirit, and bring them back to God, which is a reasonable service. This is a larger number than has been rescued in any previous year of the history of our Women's Social Work



We Give the Little Ones Some Rope.

N.B. We have entrance to almost all the public institutions. This work has changed the minds of hundreds from hostility towards, and criticism of our work, to sympathy and confidence.

A Prospective Glance.

"Now, with respect to this Home, I am delighted that we are able to make this much-needed extension. A prospective glance at the work at this moment seems natural, and perhaps a brief outline of its history may not be uninteresting. The great need of this department was the cause of its existence. My first experience in Rescue Work was in charge of a Home in this city for inebriate women. During my year I dealt with 144 victims of strong drink, women of all classes of society, from the poor woman who was ne'er plied up in the street to the cultured member of Scotch nobility who sought shelter with us. We commenced to prepare for our Children's Home. We prayed to God, pleaded our cause with the Commissioner, with the result that a small Home was opened. During the first three months hundreds applied.

Perhaps some question the necessity of this Home in addition to the many institutions for friendless children in our city. Our Home meets a need not covered by either the Boys', Girls', Infants', Orphans', Children's Aid, or Working Boys' Homes. In the Boys and Girls' Homes they only receive children over 5 years old. In the Infants' Home only the babies are cared for, and the Children's Aid shelter is, I believe, a temporary shelter only. In our Home we receive little ones from 2 years of age. The children we care for are often the children of the ne'er-do-well, some poor little ones whose fathers are victims of inebriety, and some children of criminals. All these lost little ones we have sought to surround with those pure and holy influences so necessary to their nurture. We have found that no matter how depraved may have been its parentage and first environment, the natural instinct of a child is towards God, and we have made it our mission to dis-



I Have Lots of Fun Now in the Shelter."

in the Territory. We have recently opened a new Home for unfortunate girls in Vancouver. Citizens of all classes of society have tendered heartiest co-operation, and a nice Home is now ready. The city council has given us a grant towards the initial expense. This is the first time we have received Municipal recognition in this form for a prospective work. In Halifax we are developing our work, and separating the different class's of girls, namely, the unfortunate ones who have just stepped aside, and the abandoned class, of whom, sad to say, there are a great number that day. For this purpose we have arranged larger premises. The Halifax Civic Authorities have, for a long time, desired us to take charge of young women under suspended sentences, instead of sending them to the common jail. In Newfoundland we have built an addition to our Home. The Government has increased the annual subsidy to our work, and they also wish us to take charge of young girls in the same way. We have also opened a new Home in Butte, Montana, and have been obliged to increase the accommodation of our Spokane Home.

"Our League of Mercy is increasing its operations daily. We are now established in almost all the cities and towns from Dawson City to St. Johns.



THE "EVANGELINE HOME" FOR CHILDREN, TORONTO.

Who recognizes in this graceful edifice the former barn-like barracks of Old Richmond Street Corps P

cover and cultivate this precious pre-dilection towards the highest in those who have come under our care.

The Case of Helen Keebler.

"You have heard of Helen Keebler, the Boston girl who was born deaf and dumb, and blind; until she was seven years of age her life was an absolute blank; nothing could go into that mind, because the ears and eyes were closed to the outer world. Then, by that great process which has been discovered, by which the blind see, the deaf hear, and the mute speak, the girl's soul became opened, and they began to put in little bits of knowledge, and bit by bit to educate her. But they reserved the religious instruction for Philip Brooks, whom she was 12 years old when took her to him, and then talked to her through the medium of the young lady who had been the means of opening her senses, and who could communicate with her by the exceedingly-delicate process of touch. He began to tell about God, and what He had done, and how He loves men, and what He is to us. The child listened very intelligently, and finally said, 'Mr. Brooks, I know all of that before, but I did not know His name.' And in our children's work we are seeking to make known to the young minds the holy affirmations which they do not understand."

"We have been at work for nearly two years since the work's inception. The average cost per year is about \$50 for each child. I would like to thank our friends for their sympathy and support, and to say we desire a continuation of your practical interest."

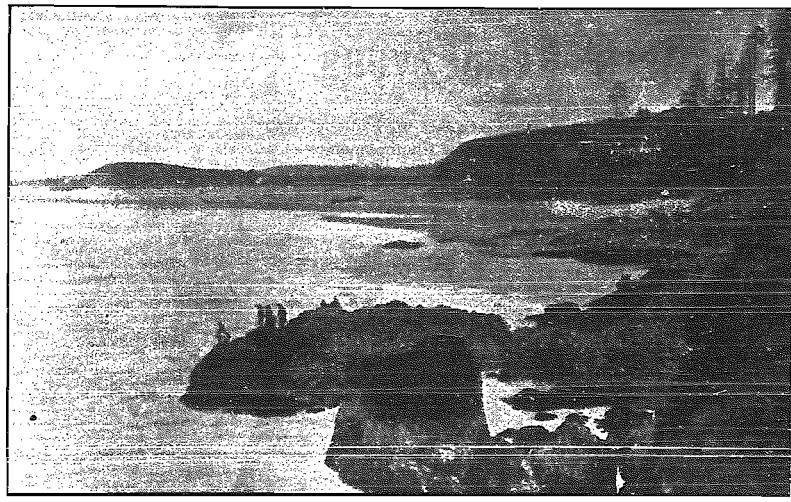
Rev. Mr. Geggie.

Rev. Mr. Geggie, in the course of his somewhat humorous remarks, said: "There are some things in the Army that the Presbyterian Church doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian Church which the Army doesn't like, but when it comes to work such as this, we cannot but be all agreed. The Salvation Army work in the rescue is the nearest Christ-work I can think of. Someone has said, 'Christ discovered the individual,' and I think the same might be said of the child. The old philosophies had no place for the individual, and certainly none for the little child, but Christ came into this life and He discovered the value of childhood, and it seems to me that when we gather here to-night, at the opening of this beautiful Home for children, that again the Salvation Army is walking right in the way in which Jesus Christ Himself walked."

Dr. Gilmour's Appreciation.

"When we hear of such work as you in the Army are doing," said Dr. Gilmour, "we who are doing so infinitely less feel that we are as children at your feet. I am here to-night for two reasons. First, to express my sympathy with the good work here carried on, and second, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the work which the Army has done in the Central Prison. I do not know that we have anything to do with results. We have to leave them with God, but we cannot but see that to 'train up a child in the way he should go' ends both ways. During my three years at the Central Prison I have dealt personally with the hundreds of inmates and I have yet to meet the case whose downfall cannot be traced either to hereditary wrongs or bad early training. I believe that the mercy of God can save the most hardened sinner, but it would be a great deal better if it did not take so much mercy to save him. The work that gets at the child at the earliest possible age is going to be the most successful. When I say that I don't believe in reformatories for boys, I am not condemning reformatory officials, but the system is so preposterous to think that a boy can be improved by closing him up for a number of years with 200 or 300 boys as bad as himself. The citizens of Spokane pay \$16 or \$17 per year to educate the children where they pay \$100 to watch the criminal. Would it not be more profitable to devote the money to rescuing the children, than to guard against and punish them later as criminals? The work that the Army is doing is a soul-busiling work, and to do such work is worth having done."

Staff-Instructor Archibald gave some reminiscences of his first association with the Army, and spoke of his unshaking confidence in its work. He added his testimony to the importance



COAST SCENE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC.

of getting hold of children for good while yet young.

Mr. Turk's Views.

"I have been thinking," said Rev. Mr. Turk, "of that popular expression: 'What would Jesus do?' and I wonder if we would do very much the same if He were in our city now. He would be very much the same work which he is doing, and by now much the same in this Home. I believe if I had my ministerial life to live over again I would spend a great deal more time in trying to influence the dear children to come to the Saviour, than in trying to convert the hard-hearted sinners. I believe that every child is born in a savable condition. Surround the bulb with the proper conditions and you will have the bloom. The salvation of the children is the great solution of the problem of society, and personally, and through any influence I may have, I shall be in hearty co-operation with this work."

Colonel Jacobs expressed his enjoyment of the meeting, which when he said one of the few occasions when representatives from the different churches met on a common ground, and gave some explanation as to the transformation process which had evolved this beautiful Children's Home out of Toronto's old No. 1 barracks.

The Press were well represented and gave favorable comments, in some instances of considerable length. The Globe, Mail and Empire, Toronto World, and Evening Telegram all reported the meeting well.

Spokane's Greatest.

(Continued from page 9.)

building in the city was secured and was filled, even though nearly 400 people paid 25¢ admission. The Rev. Dr. Cool, Pastor of the Church, introduced the Commissioner in a neat, brief, but extraordinary speech, which cannot give its relation. He said, in introducing the Commissioner, that she had "the fire and zest of an Indian, and the tenderness and sympathy of St. John," and that she had been called to show us how to do the work of love and mercy in which she was engaged.

Both the Spokane Chronicle and Spokesman Review devoted considerable space to the meetings, as follows:

HER THIRD LECTURE HERE.

Commissioner Eva Booth at First M. E. Church

(Spokesman Review.)

Eva Booth has completed her work for her third annual visit to Spokane. For more than an hour last evening a

crowd that took up all the available space in the First Methodist Church listened to the stories of the noble woman's struggles with poverty, degradation, sin, sickness, and darkness, shams of aristocrat London. The tale of trial and triumph was well told, and her hearers heard to the elevation of the already high opinion held of the character of the work of the unselfish woman.

Rev. P. A. Cool introduced Miss Booth. She was attired in the rags with which she worked in the alleys and courts of the world's metropolis. But those who had come to see and hear her looked beyond those to the heart of the wearer, and bestowed liberal applause upon Miss Booth when she appeared for their entertainment.

The address delivered by the church last evening was much like those given in the Auditorium Sunday, in general tone. It was more interesting, however—being a series of direct recollections of Miss Booth from her rescue and mercy work. The personal tone given the rehearsal of the scenes of squalor and misery, heightened by the garb of the speaker, had the desired effect on the audience. During the relation of anecdotes of London lower life there were many times when the eyes of every listener were dimmed with tears. Miss Booth may always be sure of a cordial reception in Spokane, if the events of her present visit there may be considered as evidence of personal popularity.

—♦—♦—

HELD HER AUDIENCE ALMOST BREATHLESS.

Miss Eva Booth Made a Powerful Impression on Her Hearers.

(Spokane Chronicle.)

It is seldom that a woman can hold an audience for more than two hours simply by talking. It is more seldom that a woman can hold an audience of 1,500 people almost breathless until the climax of a story is reached. This is what Miss Eva Booth did last night with an audience at the First M. E. Church that filled every available seat in the house.

At her appearance, dressed in rags and playing on an accordion, there was a burst of applause from the audience. She gave a selection on her harp which was well received, and Mrs. Major Marguerite remained at her side in fine style, but it was not until Miss Booth started to speak that the people really recognized what a treat was in store.

She told of four factors which had brought success in the work. These subjects were love, sympathy, sacrifice, and action. These four together made the crowning grace which formed the cross. As Miss Booth would relate some thrilling experience the audience would scarcely breathe, and should a person dare to move he met with such frowning looks from a

hundred people at once that he would keep still. Then, after the climax, there would be a little rustle, and soon everybody would again be quiet.

It is not Miss Booth's oratorical powers, nor her voice, that give her this influence over her audience. The secret of her wonderful power is her earnestness in what she says and does. There is no person, however skeptical, who, after listening to her, is not assured that she is in earnest.

* * * * *

The finances for the week-end amounted to over \$400.

Willie and Pearl took a considerable share of the campaign, and the crowd were delighted.

Major Smeeton, Adj't. Welch, and Ensign Griffith formed the rest of the Commissioner's party. The officers from Montana State attended the Commissioner's meeting in Butte, and returned to their corps to fight harder and do more for God than ever they have done.

Border Line Indulgences.

What is at stake, is often a more important question than what are the odds. A skilled driver shrinks from bringing his horses near the edge of a sheer precipice, even though the chances be ten to one against an accident. That remote possibility of a slip and sudden death is too terrible to take any chances on. So, in chariot-racing, it were well to think more of what we are tempted to risk, than how slight the margin of risk may be. The chances of gain resulting from "border-line" indulgences may, in certain temperaments and under certain conditions, be minimized, but the same stake is always risked, whether by the broken-down weakling struggling to free himself from a lifelong habit of indulgence, or by the clean-souled, sturdy young fellow of iron will and favoring "environment." That stake is personal character, and its possible loss is too awful a thing on which to take even the devil's most generous odds.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

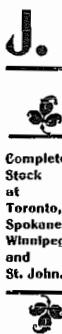
FOR THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES
PROPERTY DEEDS
MORTGAGES
INSURANCES, &
LEGACIES?

SEE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent attorney.

Please add your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Dimon, U. S. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, Ont., and it will be never answered will be charged.

Lient. Edwards, Feversham	25	Sister McDonald, St. John V.	22	Lient. McRae, Fort William	27	Bro. Butler, Rossland	25
Capt. Remie, Sudbury	25	Lient. Tatem, Grand Manan	22	Capt. Smith, Bismarck	22	Sister Vehn, Butte	23
Capt. Pool, Chesley	25	Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	22	Capt. Hall, Virden	27	Capt. Jackson, Livingston	22
Lient. Carwardine, Bowmanville	31	Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20	Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	20	Bro. Portzman, Killispell	22
Bro. Dixon, Temple	31	Sergt. Donovan, Fredericton	20	Lient. Bland, Grafton	24	Sergt.-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Cadet Brown, Temple	31	Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	20	Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	21	Capt. Langill, Nainimo	21
Lient. Reynolds, Bowmanville	30	Maud Beatty, Fredericton	20	Lient. Embertson, Moosomin	24	Cand. Buck, Mt. Vernon	20
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	30	Capt. G. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	20	Lient. Ferguson, Lillooet	23	Bro. Nordstrum, Nelson	20
Sister Rustin, Lisgar St.	30	Mrs. Chambers, Cahais	23	Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	23	Bro. Russel, Nelson	20
Capt. Cremer, Hamilton II.	30	Mrs. Chapman, Springhill	20	Mother Wallace, Neepawa	22	Bro. Eldridge, Nelson	20
Lient. Parker, Hamilton II.	30	Mrs. Milton, Springhill	20	Cadet Cross, Rat Portage	22	Bro. Clemens, Nelson	20
Capt. Kivel, Parry Sound	30	Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	20	Capt. Komin, Moosomin	21	Capt. Meredith, Dillon	20
Capt. McIoke, St. Catharines	30	Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20	Sergt. McLean, Winnipeg	20	Sergt. Boothroyd, Westminster	20
Capt. Lison, Uxbridge	26	Cadets-Cadet McKenzie, New Glasgow	20	Emilia Chapman, Winnipeg	20	Lient. Saint, Lewiston	20
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	26	ROW	20	Capt. Habibkirk, Emerson	20	Bro. Brett, Rossland	20
Capt. Wilson, Klinmont	25			Sergt. Hartness, Carberry	20	Bro. Wixson, Rossland	20
Lient. Marskell, Onomee	25			Lient. Krogger, Hannah	20		
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	25			Capt. Meyers, Valley City	20		
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	25	53 Hustlers.		Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	20		
Lient. Puttenden, Oshawa	25			Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Sellirk	20		
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25						
Sergt. Currell, Temple	25						
Sergt. Goffon, Temple	25						
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	24						
Cand. Stacey, Temple	23						
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	23						
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	22						
Mrs. Courtemanche, Klinmont	22						
Capt. Dales, Lippincott	22						
S. M. Bate, Linton	21						
Sgt. Williams, Barrie	20						
Minnie Macrae, Fenelon Falls	20						
Sergt. A. Bowers, Klinmont	20						
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20						
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20						
J. Matchett, Lisgar St.	24						
Sister Garrison, Temple	20						
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	20						
Sister Bowman, Temple	20						
Sister Gilbert, Temple	20						
S. M. Bradley, Temple	20						
Capt. Young, Brooklin	20						
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20						
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	20						
Tillie Gee, Hamilton II.	20						
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EAST vs. WEST.							
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EASTERN PROVINCE.							
83 Hustlers.							
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WESTERN PROVINCE.							
53 Hustlers.							
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NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.							
53 Hustlers.							
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PACIFIC PROVINCE.							
103							
45 Hustlers.							
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NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.							
18 Hustlers.							
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CLARK CUNNINGHAM, Tilt Cove.							
St. John I.							
Sergt. Adjt. St. John I.							
Sergt. Andrew, St. John I.							
Sergt. Churchill, St. John I.							
Sergt. Cummings, St. John I.							
Sergt. Tiller, St. John I.							
Cadet Howse, St. John I.							
Sergt.-Major Elsley, St. John I.							
George Fudge, Tilt Cove							
Sergt. Oldford, St. John I.							
Cadet Shano, St. John I.							
Cadet Parsons, St. John I.							
Sergt. B. Hiscock, St. John I.							
Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. John I.							
Cadet Summers, St. John I.							
Lient. Foote, Tilt Cove							
Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. John I.							
Sergt. Carter, St. John I.							
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KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.							
2 Hustlers.							
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway							
Adjt. McGill, Skagway							
<hr/>							
TWILLINGATE. —The past week							
has been a blessed one. Sunday morning							
one for the blessing. Four for							
salvation at night, but only one got							
through. Tuesday four for a clean							
heart. Wednesday night four sought							
and found mercy. Thursday seven for							
holiness.—Ensign Cooper.							
UXBRIDGE. —We have just had a							
visit from the T. F. S., Ensign Burrows, with his magic lantern, the subject being, "The Record of an Angel."							
The Ensign conducted the meetings on							
Sunday, which were well attended.							
Three came out in the holiness meeting							
and three in the afternoon and night.							
We set a target of \$5 for the day's							
finances, and praise be to God, we							
got it, and fourteen cents over.—							
Natapic Notsil.							
<hr/>							
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CHOICE BOOKS							
SUITABLE FOR							
CHILDREN'S PRIZES OR J. S. LIBRARIES.							
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Cash Book	15 cents.
Sergeant-Major's Book	15 "
Soldiers' Roll	10 "
Cartridge Roll	15 "
Company Register	5 "
Tickets, per package	25 "
Reward Cards, per 100	35 "
Band of Love Pledge Book	25 "
do Register	25 "
do Pledge Cards	5 "
do Members' Cards	1 "

POSTAGE EXTRA.

BESIDES THE SUPPLIES WE HAVE A

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CHOICE BOOKS

SUITABLE FOR

CHILDREN'S PRIZES OR J. S. LIBRARIES.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Come, Holy Ghost.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 56).
1 Come, Holy Ghost, descend and rest,
 Within my heart come deign to dwell,
 Fill all my yearning, longing breast—
 Come, every evil fee expel;
 My heart, Thy throne, oh, now prepare,
 Come, fix thy holy temple there.
 Ler Thy abiding presence seal
 My heart, my talents, yea, my all,
 That hence the world may know and feel,
 I live obedient to Thy call.
 Fresh power I need, oh, this impart,
 With holy fire now fill my heart.
 Come in, that I may hence be used
 To represent Thee here below,
 That all my life may be diffused
 With love that will in actions show
 That I am following after Thee.
 Thou loving Christ of Calvary,

B. W.

Reveal Thyself.

Tune.—Begone, vain world (B.J. 191).
2 Eternal God, in Jesus' name we meet
 Around the Cross, the precious Mercy Seat;
 We only long to be made strong
 To do Thy blessed will,
 Oh, cleanse our hearts, our longing spirits fill.
 Within our hearts reveal each hidden need,
 For grace, O Lord, to please Thee, now we plead;
 Through Jesu's Blood now make us good,
 From self and sin set free,
 Oh, make us Thine in true reality!
 With motives pure, with hearts in unity,
 Our lives shall witness, blessed Lord, for Thee;
 With power endue to keep us true,
 While humbly now we wait,
 Within our hearts a love for souls create.

Bound for Glory.

Tune.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227).
3 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To our home beyond the tide.

Chorus.

All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed,
 Over on the golden shore,
 Millions more are on their journey;
 Yet there's room for millions more.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is the song.

When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er;
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing for evermore.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tunes.—Marching to Zion (B.B. 68).
4 Nay, but I yield (B.J. 30).

Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in the song with sweet accord,
 While we surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the Heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

Soon we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry.
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

Heaven or Hell

Tunes.—Lover of the Lord (B.J. 74);
 St. Peter's (B.J. 128); The Judgment Day (B.J. 65).

5 My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
 Damnation and the dead,
 What horrors banish the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed!

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
 etc.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
 Down to the fiery const,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Himself for ever lost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their abodes;
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Just as I am.

Tunes.—Erman (B.J. 221); Just as I am (B.J. 128); Oh, happy day (B.J. 6); This song becomes L. M. by repeating the last two words of each verse.

6 Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
 And that Then blist me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am and waiting not
 To clear my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse
 each blot.

O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fighting within and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—The love I own
 Has broken every barrier down,
 Now I'll be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!



LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Port Hope, Thursday, May 10,
 Belleville, Friday, May 11,
 Kingston, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13,
 Ottawa, Mon. and Tues., May 14, 15,
 Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sun-
 day, May 20,
 Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21,
 St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25,
 Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27,
 Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
 May 12, 13, 14.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Lisgar St., Sunday, May 6,
 Owen Sound, Thursday, May 10,
 Little Current, Saturday, May 12,
 Tuesday, May 15,
 Sudbury, Wednesday, May 16, to Fri-
 day, May 18,
 Sturgeon Falls, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
 May 19, 20, 21.

MAJOR PICKERING

Will Visit the Following Corp.:

St. John L., Sun. and Mon., May 6, 7,
 New Glasgow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and
 Sun., May 10, 11, 12, 13,
 Kentville, Monday, May 14.